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A Stone Best Left Unturned

EVER since Christmas the Mystery of the Stolen Stone has been presented to newspaper readers as a thrilling serial story. If it had not been fact, it would have been the ideal plot for detective fiction—a glorious crime in which nobody was hurt, and then the chase by the amateur detectives of Fleet Street in keen competition with the professional crime-hounds of Scotland Yard. A few Englishmen, led by the Dean of Westminster, have been genuinely shocked by the theft; a considerable number of Scots enormously elated. But the vast majority of us have followed the whole affair with the disinterested thrill of spectators at a sporting event. We have cheered both the hare and the hounds.

Now, however, it looks as though the chase is nearing its end. Any day the sporting spectacle may suddenly be transformed into a political issue, which might, if mishandled, develop into a serious crisis. If arrests are made and followed by a trial and convictions, the Dean of Westminster will probably see the stone restored to its place in the Abbey. But this would arouse passionate feelings in Scotland. Due enforcement of the law would turn the authors of a Stevensonian escapade into political martyrs, and recovery of the Stone might create a Scottish Question and a Scottish Resistance Movement, willing and able to outdo Mrs. Pankhurst and her suffragette commandoes in militant nuisance value.

The prospect which faces the Secretary of State for Scotland and his legal colleagues, if Scotland Yard successfully completes its investigations, is not a happy one. They may then feel obliged to prosecute, although they might consider the prosecution to be against the public interest. This is one of those rare occasions on which the politician would be well advised to leave a stone unturned.

The situation is all the more combustible owing to the recent decision of the Scottish Covenanters, which Neil McCallum discusses on another page. The committee, which obtained two million signatures for the Covenant, has now decided to turn itself into a political association and to enter Parliamentary politics. The tactic will be to put up Nationalist candidates against any party politician who refuses to toe the Covenant line and pledge himself to vote for a Royal Commission on Devolution. Whatever the present strength of the Covenanters, it would certainly be enormously increased by the gratuitous present to them of a sensational trial at the Old Bailey.

Neither Mr. Woodburn nor Mr. McNeil has shown much skill in handling Scottish Nationalism. The Government has displayed a sturdy and sometimes an obscurantist British nationalism in refusing to sacrifice one iota of British sovereignty for the sake of European union; it has been singularly unperceptive in dealing with the national aspirations of small peoples. Scottish Nationalism, like Zionism, was fostered by the Labour Party in its years of opposition with explicit pledges. These pledges, as well as the Party's support for the Irish Nationalists in Ulster, were rapidly discarded after 1945, and the small allies of former years were sharply told not to embarrass a Government which had its mind set on higher things. By now, after its tragic handling of Jewish Nationalism, the Government should have learnt its lesson. It would be tragic if sheer lack of imagination were to create a Scottish Question. Freedom and fair shares are not merely a matter of Blue Books and statistics. To be free and equal a people must *feel* free and equal. If it flouts these feelings in the case of Scotland, the Government will imperil the unity which it is so anxious to maintain.

Mr. Morrison and Peace

The tone and coherence of Mr. Morrison's first speech as Foreign Secretary contrasted sharply with the tired and plaintive addresses of his predecessor. Mr. Bevin had obviously given up hope of agreement between East and West; Mr. Morrison is still trying. Though in one depressing passage he seemed to imply that no reversal of the Brussels decisions on German rearmament is probable, he was at pains to assure his Labour audience that the British Government wants full discussion with Russia.

He was much more explicit on the subject of a possible early settlement on Korea, and he was categorical in disclaiming any intention of interfering in the domestic affairs of Communist China. Both the tone and substance of his speech showed that Mr. Morrison is in touch with public opinion about China and other aspects of foreign affairs in a way that Mr. Bevin never was. As to policy, we are entitled to deduce that Mr. Morrison intends to make constructive proposals for peace with China and to renew on a tougher note the protest against MacArthurism which Mr. Attlee voiced in Washington last December. Mr. Morrison is in a stronger position than was the Prime Minister four months ago, since MacArthur's irresponsibility is now generally recognised, and he has been officially reprimanded. As against this, however, it must be remembered that Britain is only one of the voices trying to make itself heard in Washington, that

General MacArthur has still a free hand in military tactics, and there is no guarantee that his present push over the 38th Parallel will not again take him dangerously beyond the strategic positions which America's allies regard as the limit of justifiable advance.

Mobilisation Report

The first quarterly report from Mr. Wilson, Director of Defence Mobilisation, shows that U.S. rearmament is now getting into its stride. The Defence Department is spending at the rate of $2 billions a month, more than double the figure for last June, and the rate may be expected to double again before the end of the fiscal year this June. Naturally such munitions orders, which should reach the authorised level of $32 billions in this fiscal year, are not yet reflected in output. Mr. Wilson's ultimate target—high enough, he believes, to "deter any aggressor"—is an annual capacity of 50,000 aircraft and 35,000 tanks.

This programme presupposes, over the next three years, at least an annual increase in output of five per cent.; if this can be achieved, Mr. Wilson is confident that, as in 1941-5, Defence spending can be accompanied by an overall rise in civilian standards. This year's expansion of output, under the stimulus of rearmament, will be something more than ten per cent. It may be impossible to maintain this rate. Yet to-day, only eight per cent. of the gross national product is being diverted to arms, and at the peak of the programme at present planned, the proportion will be less than half the 1944 figure.

That Mr. Wilson may be relying too much on paper calculations is suggested by a statement this week from the joint House-Senate Committee on the President's Economic Report, which warns that uncontrolled inflation may throw the Defence plans out of gear and seriously damage the U.S. economy. The cost, for instance, of a B36 bomber to-day is just thirteen times the cost of the B17, its counterpart in the wartime Air Force. As prices rise, appropriations dwindle in terms of munitions they can buy. The Committee takes a strong line against deficit financing for defence, and it opposes Government subsidies as an offset to inflationary pressures. Since it seems that the U.S. will end the year with a comfortable surplus on current account—owing to the increase in tax yields due to armament spending—this Congress may be reluctant to swallow the bitter pill of increased taxes. But there is no doubt that the apparatus of controls is not working adequately, and that the inflation will continue until much more drastic measures are taken.

Britain's Balance of Payments

In this year's *Economic Survey*, with whose general implications we deal in a leading article, a substantial chapter is devoted to the Balance of Payments. It shows that, last year, the U.K. had an overall favourable balance of £229m., apart from a net gain of £123m. from Marshall Aid. In U.K. trade with the dollar area (including invisibles) there was a deficit of £111m., offset by credits of £118m. with O.E.E.C. countries and £225m. with the rest of the sterling area. The latter, thanks to larger American purchases of colonial and Dominion produce at hugely increased prices, had a credit balance in dollars of about £290m. The net result was that, including E.R.P. receipts, the sterling area's gold and dollar reserves increased by £576m., while the U.K.'s indebtedness to the rest of the sterling area rose by £224m.

So far, so good. For 1951 the outlook is much less propitious. It is estimated that, allowing for a small increase in volume to keep pace with the needs of British industry, the bill for imports will reach £3,200m. Hence, assuming invisible net earnings of £450m. (against £382m. in 1950), there will have to be an increase of £550m. invisible exports to make ends meet. Higher prices for some exports may help to bridge the gap; but the export target looks formidable and, when it comes to the overall balance of the sterling area, it cannot be assumed that American stock-piling will continue uninterruptedly.

The Cart and the Horse

When Mr. Gromyko last week agreed that the question of German demilitarisation should figure at the head of a composite list of "causes of tension" to be discussed by the Council of Foreign Ministers, it looked as if the main stumbling block on the way to the successful completion of an agenda by the Deputies had been removed. The Western delegates, however, were apparently still not satisfied. On Monday, Mr. Parodi was put up to propose a new revision of Item I, providing for "examination of the causes and effects of present international tension in Europe, and of the means to secure a real and lasting improvement in [Big Four] relations including . . . the existing level of armaments and armed forces, measures for the international control of armaments and armed forces . . . the demilitarisation of Germany, fulfilment of present treaty obligations and agreements, the elimination of the fear of war and threat of aggression."

Mr. Gromyko's first reaction was not encouraging: he said promptly that he would like to add to the agenda the question of American bases in England, France, and North Africa. On Wednesday, however, he made a further concession: he offered to accept the Western draft if Germany headed the list of "causes and effects" and if the armed forces to be discussed were confined to those of the Big Four. The Russians are not unreasonable in their objections to allowing the Council to spend an indefinite time discussing general disarmament—a subject on which agreement is most unlikely—before reaching the question of Germany.

Separate Peace with Japan

For some months now Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Republican adviser to the State Department, has been travelling in the Far East in an effort to "fix" a separate peace treaty for Japan. In line with the reported conclusions of the American Chiefs of Staff last June, Mr. Dulles has wanted a treaty which would enable the United States to retain military bases in and around Japan, would give the United States a special status as "protector" of Japan, and would exclude both China and the Soviet Union. His greatest difficulties have been to frame these requirements in a manner acceptable to the Japanese—who relish their own rearmament (also foreseen in Mr. Dulles' proposals) and the existence of American bases in Japan almost as little as the Germans do in their case—and to the Australians and New Zealanders, who fear American promotion of Japan almost as much as the French fear American promotion of Germany. The Far Eastern pattern is, indeed, strikingly like the European pattern: intent on making allies of their former enemies the Americans are embarrassed by the discomfort and dismay of their friends.

The American terms apparently envisage an American guarantee of the security of Australia and New Zealand, and they offer Japan "virtually full control over her internal and international affairs"—though precisely what "virtually" may involve still remains to be seen. They allow for "the retention of United States armed forces in and around Japan," while Japan will renounce all "rights, titles and claims" to Korea, Formosa, the Pescadores and Antarctic areas. Mr. Dulles modestly adds that "the treaty might contemplate that in the Ryukyu and Bonin Islands there could be United Nations trusteeship and continuing United States administrative responsibility." To these terms the sycophantic and ultra-conservative Japanese Government of to-day seems likely to agree, while the Chinese, it seems, are to be "represented" in these vital negotiations by the rump of Kuomintang politicians now in Formosa. As a move in the strategy of America's Cold War in the Pacific Mr. Dulles' proposals are no doubt skilful and effective; as a means of making durable peace in the Far East they look at the moment like an invitation to disaster.

Morality and Gambling

Whatever detailed conclusions the Kefauver Committee may report, one clear fact stands out from its investigation of U.S. crime. Law may be little more than hypocritical homage to morality when it makes illegal actions which millions of people regard as normal or desirable. Prohibition was a perfect illustration of this point. When an active minority of moralists made America dry, they voted in a worse evil than the demon drink: they gave its big chance to the organised gangsterism with whose heirs the Kefauver Committee has been struggling. Law enforcement became a farce because Americans wanted their bootleg liquor and were prepared to sanction systematic corruption and illegality to get it.

The same is true of gambling. The puritan conscience is too easily satisfied by narrow and formal legislation which prohibits off-course betting, slot machines and the numbers racket, but does not attack the social framework in which they flourish. Since many Americans want to place bets with a local bookie, play the one-armed bandits or gamble on numbers, an enormous and largely illegal business has arisen to serve them, and public authorities either become corrupted or face a losing battle against criminal "corporations" which are often as influential as their legal counterparts. Yet there are many sincere people who confine their efforts to opposition to proposals which would legalise gambling and make it subject to official regu-

lation. This is mere hypocrisy if it ignores the social consequences which follow from making this industry the preserve of criminals. Lincoln Steffens long ago pointed out that many of the grafters and racketeers regarded the "good government" enthusiasts as valuable if unconscious allies, for vice and corruption are more social than legal problems. On a small scale, the same problem exists in this country. Gambling goes on. The corner bookie pays his fine. But taxation of gambling receipts is obstructed because honest moralists would regard such "official recognition" as more sinful than making a crime of something the rich do legally by telephone and the poor man does illegally through the street runner.

Discharged Prisoners

"After-care" work among discharged prisoners, in some parts of the country, is perfunctory in the extreme: ten shillings or a pound from the case-committee on discharge (whether, in some cases, it is wanted or not), a railway fare, if needed, a letter to the Assistance Board's branch office. All the local voluntary Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, which still depend mainly on voluntary contributions, are affiliated in a National Association (the "N.A.D.P.A.S."), through which they receive from the Treasury about 2s. per prisoner and roughly a third of their own administrative salary costs.

Experienced social workers have long hoped for an inquiry into the usefulness of these societies and their conception of "after-care" work; and it might have been expected, now that the Home Secretary has actually appointed a committee of inquiry into their "functions and finance," that it would include some independent persons with knowledge of the difficult problems involved—and of the way they have hitherto been tackled. The likelihood of this has seemed to increase as the Societies have reluctantly but inevitably accepted more and more Treasury aid. Instead, we have a joint committee drawn solely from the Prison Commissioners and the Societies themselves—the latter being represented by the chairman, the vice-chairman, and the general secretary of their national Association.

One cannot foresee what prodigies of self-criticism these gentlemen may perform, even if one hopes that the impartiality and skill of Sir Alexander Maxwell, who is to be their chairman, may coax them to the stool of repentance. But if the rehabilitation of ex-prisoners has emerged from the status of a nineteenth-century charity to that of a great social responsibility, the appointment of the committee is in itself an invitation to all informed persons to write to its secretary (Prison Commission, Horseferry House, S.W.1) and tell him how the Treasury's money is being spent.

Memorial to Harold J. Laski

The National Executive of the Labour Party has now appealed for funds to establish a memorial to the late Professor Laski. It is to take the form of a travelling scholarship, which will enable students to travel abroad on approved projects. Many of Harold Laski's students remember gratefully the efforts he made to secure them grants and scholarships which would take them abroad to study. His life was spent equally in the worlds of the Labour Party and academic life, and it is fitting that one should sponsor a memorial appropriate to the other.

We hope, however, that the scholarship will not be restricted to university students but will be open to entrants from adult education classes and the trade unions as well. Its terms should not be drawn too narrowly and its trustees should be permitted to interpret them liberally. That would be a memorial in keeping with the spirit of the man it honours. Contributions should be addressed to the "Laski Memorial Appeal," Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

France and America

Our Paris correspondent writes:—In France, President Auriol's absence in the U.S. served one immediate purpose: when a heated argument arose in the Cabinet about the new minimum wage—the Socialists threatening to resign in protest against the low figure proposed by MM. Queuille and Bidault—the somewhat higher figure proposed by the Socialists was adopted in order to avoid the dreadful impression which would have been made in Washington by a Cabinet split during the Presidential visit. M. Auriol's official speeches contained more than the average amount of blah about the French people's love for America, freedom, democracy and peace: France could never be "neutral between good and evil." She was anxious to build a united Europe, and would suppress her resentment against yesterday's enemy if Germany became "genuinely attached to the cause of democracy"; but European federalism must not be a lop-sided affair in which nationalist Germany was favoured at France's expense. The official speeches were, in fact, pleas for the Third Force system in France—all the more necessary in view of the attempts being made by the Gaullists to secure American support and the contacts they appear to have established with some Republican leaders. Auriol emphasised that France was opposed to any anti-Communist "crusade"; that she would fight if attacked; but could fight successfully only if there were large American forces in Europe.

What did he say in his private talks with Mr. Truman—talks which the State Department, if current rumour in Paris be credited, tried hard to circumvent? Reading between the lines of the official speeches and examining such news as has filtered through on the conversations between Truman and both Schuman and Auriol, one gets an idea of the real purpose of the visit. It was to impress upon the Americans France's continued reluctance to see Germany rearmed, except in a limited way, preferably as part of a "federal" defence force; to discourage any further rehabilitation of the Nazi and *revanchard* elements in Germany; to stress France's unwillingness to see Spain included in the Atlantic Pact, complete with armed aid to Franco; to put an end to the "particularism" of the Malta talks and to have France included as an equal partner in "Mediterranean defence"; to plead for a more flexible American policy in relation to Russia; and to emphasise the need for "going easy" with regard to French rearmament expenditure, lest it break France economically and lead to endless social trouble, of which the present strikes are only a foretaste.

The Plot that Failed

A correspondent in Karachi writes: Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's statement in the Constituent Assembly on March 22 threw a good deal of light on the arrest, ten days earlier, of his Commander-in-Chief, General Akbar Khan, his principal lieutenant, Brigadier Latif, and the Left-wing journalist, Mr. Faiz, of the *Pakistan Times*. This Army plot envisaged the removal of high military officers and civilians and the seizure of effective power. Apparently the conspirators intended to take advantage of the Prime Minister's visit to the Punjab during the electoral campaign to get rid of him. In the confusion which would undoubtedly have followed, they planned to set up a military dictatorship. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan outplotted the plotters by inviting the Commander-in-Chief to see him and then keeping him *incommunicado* for three days so that the signal for the coup was never transmitted. And he took the further precaution of testing and confirming the political loyalty of the other senior military officers.

Had the military coup succeeded, the story goes that the intention of these amateurish conspirators was to set up a Government under military domination. The Soviet model was their pattern, and the Russians were to be asked to send economic and constitution-making Missions to give their advice. That such a plan would have its attraction for Mr. Faiz is intelligible: his editorials in the *Pakistan Times* showed that he preferred to be a Soviet, rather to an Anglo-American satellite. Public opinion in Pakistan, as well as foreign estimates of the arrests, expressed surprise at the alliance between this pro-Communist editorial writer and the Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army. In Pakistan politics, however, personalities complement ideologies. General Akbar Khan is a Pathan, a soldier with a notably brilliant record in Kashmir. He was always opposed to the cease-fire; looking at Kashmir with the eyes of a soldier, he believed that he could win Kashmir for Pakistan. Faiz was an old friend of army days. His political opposition to the present Anglo-American policy on Kashmir, *plus* the Prime Minister's willingness to consider having Dominion troops in this storm-centre, stimulated the General's military ambitions. To this must be added his wife's encouragement—a factor recognised by the Prime Minister when he ordered her arrest. Politically active, she had never forgotten the death of her sister on the way to America in 1948 to state the Communist—and the Nationalist—case on Kashmir.

Some of General Akbar's colleagues advised the Prime Minister to have the conspirators shot immediately. He chose the wiser course of making an exhaustive investigation into the ramifications of the plot and a trial. He could only have chosen this course because he was convinced of the loyalty of the Army. Yet it would be unwise to belittle the potential support for the extreme policy allegedly advocated by Faiz and the General, who may yet be regarded as martyrs of the faith. The country is quiet, and the Prime Minister has strengthened his already strong position; but the Kashmir issue still over-rides all others and inflates the military budget to about half of its total amount. Land reforms are still almost confined to blueprints in Government offices, and the Finance Minister, Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, has just warned Pakistani businessmen that an unexpected Budget surplus must not obscure the need for more benefits for the common man. In Pakistan, as throughout Asia, a progressive land policy is the only alternative to extremist agitation.

"Fair in Their Impact?"

In the *Economic Survey*, published this week, there is little that is encouraging and much that is obscure. In contrast to the fair showing of 1950, when British production and exports reached record levels and the United Kingdom's overseas balance of payments showed an actual surplus, the outlook for this year comes in questionable shape—unpalatable certainties blent with even more disagreeable possibilities. The impact of the Western rearmament drive means, at best, that the upward course of production will be checked, the terms of trade seriously worsened, and that a continuing rise in the cost of imports will be accompanied by a fall in supplies of some consumer goods. Moreover, we are warned that all the tentative estimates of the prospective size of the national cake may be vitiated, in the absence of international collaboration, by failure to secure enough raw materials to keep industrial activity in full swing and make possible the attainment of the substantial increase in exports which is predicated. As the *Survey* admits, its account of prospects in 1951 "is in many ways harsh and unpleasant"; but searchers for hints of the Chancellor's intention in fitting his Budget into this economic background will be disappointed: the indications are shadowy and dubious.

One thing is clear: Mr. Gaitskell has obviously rejected any idea of adopting an out-and-out "siege economy," in which detailed control over supplies and their usage would be accompanied by direction of labour. Arms production is not to have "an over-riding priority," nor are there to be "compulsions entirely unacceptable in peacetime." The problem which the nation is asked to consider is, baldly, how an immense rearmament programme is to be financed, despite the complication of world scarcities of key materials and soaring world prices, without the risk of inflationary pressures getting out of hand.

That the process of rearmament cannot be painless is obvious. The *Survey* starts with the assumption that industrial output in 1951 will be 4 per cent. above 1950. In view of the shortages and bottle-necks already developing—to say nothing of the temporary dislocation caused by switching over plant from civilian to arms production—this might seem to be a sanguine forecast. Last year, however, output rose beyond expectation. That is, we produced in advance—and refrained from consuming—part of the resources needed to finance rearmament; and the increase assumed for the whole of this year implies no more than the maintenance of the end-1950 level of output. If this be achieved, the national cake, measured in terms of 1950 prices, would be larger by £325m.—to which is added a £25m. net surplus of increased imports over increased exports. But against this assumed addition of £350m. in resources there must be set a prospective increase of £400m. in Government expenditure. Consequently, on the assumption that home investment should be, and will be, little changed in volume, there is a shrinkage in sight of £50m. in real resources available for personal consumption.

This, however, is not the end of the story. The *Survey* estimates, on the one hand, that the gross national product—wages, salaries, profits and Governmental expenditure on "services"—will rise by roughly £900m. On the other hand, buying the somewhat smaller prospective volume of consumer goods and services will involve, it is reckoned, an expenditure of about £600m. more—the equivalent of a 7 per cent. rise in the cost of living, rent excluded. Now the tendency of orthodox economists lately has been to urge the Chancellor to allow the full impact of this rise in prices (attributable predominantly to costlier imports) to fall upon the consumer. If that course be adopted, it is argued, the "excessive" purchasing power—generated by the fact that profits are soaring and numerous wage increases have been conceded while the volume of consumption goods is about to decline—will be "mopped up." In other words, though prices will be higher, "inflation" will be avoided. With this specious argument, the *Survey* in one passage seems to flirt: it speaks of higher prices as a factor which facilitates the maintenance of "a balance between the purchasing power of consumers and the reduced volume of goods and services available to satisfy their needs." We trust that this does not mean that the Chancellor is committed to such a policy.

The objections to it are, in our view, serious—and overwhelming from the standpoint of the Chancellor of a Socialist Government. We do not quarrel with the *Survey's* conclusion that rearmament must involve a fall in aggregate consumption. It remains the task of the Chancellor to decide how the burden is to be distributed. If it were decided that the cost of rearmament were to be met mainly through reliance on higher prices as a means of checking consumption, we do not believe that it would be possible to resist counter-balancing wage claims, and a resulting inflationary spiral. There can be no hope of even a qualified economic stability unless the Budget makes good the *Survey's* promise that the burdens will be "as fair in their impact as the needs of Defence permit." If the Chancellor, in his fiscal proposals, demonstrates that he is paying as high a regard to social justice as to "disinflation," then the working class may acquiesce in a process of belt-tightening. Otherwise, they will not; and the whole pretence that there will be no "inflation" if prices rise while incomes are frozen will collapse.

What does this mean in terms of practical politics? It means, we suggest, that, in so far as there can be no escaping a rise in the cost of imports—and in this connection the possibility of an upward revaluation of the pound should not be excluded—all possible steps should be taken to cushion the repercussions on shop prices and on the living standards of the "weakest brethren." In the *Survey*, the hint is given that voluntary saving in a period of rising cost of living may be insufficient, as a complement to corporate savings, to finance home investment, if last year's large budgetary surplus is allowed to dwindle almost to nothing. If this implies that additional "involuntary" saving through increased taxes is in store in next Tuesday's Budget, we trust that Mr. Gaitskell will realise that redistribution of incomes in order to check the rise in consumer prices is just as important as it is to finance investment without inflation. No matter how steeply he may have to increase his toll on profits, inheritance, and the income from accumulated wealth, a Socialist Chancellor in the present situation cannot afford either to ignore the hard case of Old Age and War pensioners, or to neglect the possibility of restraining the rise in prices—and thus making a policy of wage-restraint feasible—by a selective enlargement of subsidies, both on food and "utility" clothing.

The Choice for Mr. McCloy

As the armies of General Eisenhower approached the redoubt of Aachen on November 9, 1944, the editor of the United States Army newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*, took up his pen and wrote what most and perhaps all of his readers were surely thinking. "The Americans have come to Germany," he wrote, "not to pat child-slayers on the head or to feed SS scoundrels with Spam. The Americans have come to this land of gangsters in order to bring the villains to justice." There is no doubt that this reflected the official as well as the unofficial view. The Americans entered Germany with the conviction that it was crime, as well as human error and an excess of nationalism with which they would have to deal. The war crimes trials followed.

It is when one contrasts what was being said and done in 1945 with what is being said and done to-day that the full measure of the American *volte-face* can be seen. As was said by Mr. Justice Jackson, the senior United States judge at Nuremberg, the Americans of 1945—even if they choose to forget it in 1951—knew that the Nazi party had come to power "by an evil alliance between the most extreme of the Nazi revolutionists, the most unrestrained of the German reactionaries, and the most aggressive of the German militarists." It was Krupp and the German industrialists, according to General Telford Taylor, the Chief Prosecutor at the American trials at Nuremberg, who were "the indestructible common denominator of Germany's murderous and obstinately repeated lunges at the world's throat." And the confidential report of the United States investigation into the affairs of the Deutsche Bank, made in November, 1946, but never published, did nothing abnormal when it recommended that "the responsible officials of the Deutsche Bank be indicted and tried as war criminals."

One of history's little ironies is that the American Government, which brought industrialists such as Krupp, Flick, von Schnitzler and others to justice, should now appear most anxious to rehabilitate these men, and that the British Government, so much less zealous in prosecution, should raise a voice of warning. Sir Hartley Shawcross was not speaking for the Government when he made his timely statement on war criminals last week, but he was certainly ex-

pressing what is in the minds of a great majority of the electors of this country, and, we believe, of the Government too. "I should view with grave concern," he said, "anything which might tend to undermine the principles of individual criminal responsibility for crimes against humanity, and for war crimes, which we have succeeded in laying down." This was well said. What is now happening to those "principles of individual criminal responsibility" is nothing short of shameful. In Western Germany the whole concept of international law is being dragged through the mire of cynicism and scorn. Reactionary influences have worked up a strident and threatening campaign in favour of convicted murderers; and the Nuremberg tribunals, set up to execute at least token justice on men and methods whose crimes surpassed all counting, are denounced as mere instruments of jealousy and vengeance.

What is worse, this German denigration of international law is powerfully aided by the attitude and actions of American policy. It is one thing to temper justice with mercy, as Mr. McCloy says he has tried to do in his revision of Nuremberg sentences: that is both humane and sensible. But the trend of American policy, as applied by Mr. McCloy, now goes far beyond any application of mercy. This trend emerges —no matter what the intention may be—as an attempt to curry favour with the worst kind of people in Germany, and as a mere expedient, at the cost of principle, which is designed to win support for German rearmament. Writing lately in the New York magazine, *The Nation*, the former Chief Prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials, General Telford Taylor, found that Mr. McCloy's revisions, however well-intentioned, were "the embodiment of political expediency"; and Sir Hartley Shawcross, though indirectly and more diplomatically, has now said much the same thing.

Mr. McCloy indignantly denies this; but the facts are against him. For what are the Germans in Western Germany, already subjected to a barrage of domestic propaganda that seeks to show the whole Nuremberg procedure as a disgusting farce, to make of Mr. McCloy's revisions? Among death sentences commuted by Mr. McCloy were those—again in General Taylor's words—of some of "the SS *Einsatz* murderers, who 'liquidated' over a million Jews in Western Russia. Among the nine reprieved we find, for example, SS Lieutenant Schubert, who confessed to supervising the shooting of 700 to 800 Jews and gipsies in the vicinity of Simferopol at Christmas time, 1941. His death sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment, and he will soon be out . . ." By what principle of mercy does one justify that? And what, may one ask, can German opinion make of it—unless that it confesses a miscarriage of Allied justice?

Of course it is not the mercy of sparing the lives of these revolting criminals that is really objectionable, just as it is not, in the case of Krupp and other non-combatants, the mere shortening of their sentences and their earlier release. The revisions are objectionable for two reasons. First, they lend weight to those in Western Germany who shout that the war trials were a mockery of justice; and, to that extent, they deflect the German people from considering the enormity of the Nazi regime and their own responsibilities. They are wrong, secondly, because in present circumstances they release these criminals into positions which are often of great power and privilege. The Krupp empire becomes Krupp's again—despite the fact that Krupp was found guilty of plundering foreign countries and employing slaves. Nazi officers and men are released from gaol at the very moment when 130,000 volunteers are needed for a new German army. What are the Germans to make of it—unless that the crimes of the past are to be forgiven and forgotten as part of the price the West will pay for German willingness to rearm?

An almost clinical case of what is wrong with this so-called policy of mercy was provided the other day by the release of General von Falkenhausen, Hitler's military governor in occupied Belgium. The very best that could be said for this general, whether rightly convicted or not, is that at least he should be no more seen nor heard upon the public scene. And yet the very day of his release he gives his views on German rearmament. He puts his terms at once. He couldn't imagine himself, he says, fighting or dying alongside the troops of foreign Powers "as long as German generals are being sentenced to imprisonment by Allied courts." In other words: go back on all your principles, spit in your own faces, and you can count on General von Falkenhausen. It is a pretty fair illustration of the parlous straits into which Western policy in Germany has brought the Western world.

British and American statesmen have lately exhorted the Germans to make their choice between East and West. It would be well at this point if Mr. McCloy and other American leaders would make their choice between the German reactionaries and the rest of Europe. For they cannot have it both ways, as they seem to want to do. If Mr. McCloy and those who think with him are content to pursue their present road, they may well find partners among their former and despised enemies: in the measure they succeed, however, they will as surely lose their present allies. Step by step, as things go now, Mr. McCloy is undermining his country's cause and reputation in Europe.

Obstruction

[The only way to get rid of them fairly quickly is to try and wear them out. . . We will make them sit up day and night and grind away until they get absolutely hysterical and say "We cannot stand any more." And that is what we are going to do for the next two or three months. Division after division, and we can do it in squads.—*Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P., at Banstead.*]

THE morality of this method of preserving our democratic way of life has been considerably discussed, but no great attention has been given to the more obvious question: is the Conservative plan of action, as outlined by Mr. Boothby, practical? Presumably it has two objects. First, so to exhaust the Parliamentary Labour Party generally that sufficient Members will be absent on some critical occasion and the Government will suffer defeat in the Lobbies; and secondly, so to harrass and wear down the patience of tired Ministers that they "give up" and go to the country in spite of still having a small majority. These of course are very different aims from those of the classic exponents of Parliamentary obstruction, the old Irish Party. Parnell and his associates did not seek primarily to exhaust their British colleagues; they strove to prevent the passing of laws relating to Ireland of which they disapproved, and to that end they tried to bring the whole Parliamentary machine to a standstill. Though this incidentally involved continuous sittings, Parnell's object was always best attained when he forced the House to adjourn without completing its legislative task. But Mr. Boothby's whole plan would be defeated by an early adjournment of the Commons; to succeed, the Conservatives must prolong discussion indefinitely upon every subject which arises, irrespective of the fact that many of these matters may well be items which the Conservatives themselves promised to support at the General Election, while others, like the recent price increase Orders, are things which they could never bring themselves to vote against.

Wholesale obstruction of this nature, which was never even attempted by Parnell, is in itself a Parliamentary offence. As long ago as July 25, 1877, Mr. Speaker Brand ruled:

> The House is perfectly well aware that any Member wilfully and persistently obstructing public business, without just and reasonable cause, is guilty of a contempt of this House, and is liable to punishment whether by censure, by suspension from the service of this House, or by commitment according to the judgment of the House.

A too wholehearted devotion to the Boothby plan might merely result in a diminution of Conservative voting strength owing to the suspension of the obstructionists. Moreover, another more serious difficulty confronts the organisers of obstruction: to-day the duration of sittings is very largely controlled by the Government. Under the present Standing Orders opposed business automatically terminates at 10 p.m. unless either it is "exempt" from this rule or unless the House itself resolves to suspend the rule either indefinitely or for a fixed period. It is entirely in the Government's discretion whether the suspension is moved. The Opposition cannot propose it. If they divide against it—an action which was very popular in the last Parliament—and are successful, this would diminish and not extend the length of the sitting. Hence, for a plan of obstruction to succeed the Opposition are driven back upon the occasions when "exempted business" is taken and the House can sit indefinitely though the rule has not been suspended.

Some Conservatives appear to have thought that obstruction could be achieved by a judicious use of "Prayers"—Addresses to the Crown to annul Orders in Council made under various Statutes. In fact, however, though Prayers can be taken after 10 p.m., the Government cannot be compelled to keep the House in session for them. It is true that hitherto the Government have normally taken Prayers on the day for which they were set down; but there is not even an obligation to provide time for a Prayer before the 40 days, during which it can be moved, elapse. Before the 1914-18 war it was customary towards the end of the Session to pass a resolution, one of whose

objects was to prevent any more Prayers being discussed. Despite the strenuous protests of Horatio Bottomley—one of the great Prayer-movers of his day—the Speaker ruled that a Member's only remedy was to alter the rules of the House. To-day, between any two items on the Commons agenda, the Government, and the Government alone, can move the Adjournment. After 10 p.m., such a Motion ranks as "unopposed business." In consequence, once this Adjournment has been moved, come what may, the House is bound to adjourn half-an-hour later, when the time-limit for discussion of unopposed business is reached. Prayers and, indeed, any other exempt business, like Church Measures, which do not come on until after 10 p.m., cannot therefore be effectively used for obstruction; and the Boothby plan really depends upon exploiting business which has to be entered on before 10 p.m. but which need not terminate at that hour.

The Budget is often thought to produce such an occasion; but changes in the Standing Orders made in the last Parliament have destroyed many opportunities which used to exist for obstruction during financial business. To-day, immediately after the Budget Speech is concluded, all the Budget resolutions, except for a purely formal one which declares that changes in the law are expedient, have to be put to the vote without Debate. This is necessary in order to give immediate Parliamentary authority for the fiscal changes made. The Budget debate, nominally on the final resolution, is not exempted business, and therefore is broken off automatically at 10 p.m. When the Budget resolutions are "reported" to the House, they are, it is true, "exempted": they therefore, in the past, gave many occasions for all-night sittings. But, under the present Standing Orders, although the resolutions continue to be exempted, no debate is allowed upon them nor is any amendment permissible; they must be accepted or rejected forthwith. It is thus not until the Finance Bill stage is reached that there is debatable "exempt" business; and, generally speaking, the only stage of this measure which is taken before Whitsun is the one-day debate on the Second Reading.

The opportunities at the immediate disposal of the Opposition for obstruction are, therefore, meagre. If the Boothby policy is to succeed it must depend upon so holding up legislation as to force the Government to suspend the rule in order to get their own business through. But while it seemed to Gladstone a matter of life and death for his Government to push through the Irish Coercion Bill—the occasion of Parnell's most spectacular obstruction—the Government to-day (in contrast to the last Parliament) have no such urgent legislation on hand. Finally, even if the Conservatives were able to provoke exhausting and continuous late sittings, it is difficult to see how this would produce either of the results Mr. Boothby apparently had in mind. Overwork has compelled Members on both sides to give up for a period their normal Parliamentary duties, but even serious illness has not prevented them turning up at the House to vote on critical issues.

GEOFFREY BING

Paris Diary

It rained most of the week-end in Paris; but rain is less wet in France because the wine is cheaper. The temperature was not much above freezing point; but it was not so cold as in England because the wine is cheaper. The food is nicer, if more expensive, than in England; but one is not ruined by the cost of a good meal because the wine is cheaper. The cars are not more high-powered nor the girls prettier; but the traffic goes faster and the girls are more attractive because the wine is cheaper.

* * *

What, I asked on arrival, is "neutralism"? The whole of France, said some; of no importance at all, said others. All France, if you mean the dislike of facing extremely disagreeable facts, wishing it were possible to keep France out of war, perhaps by a joint American-Soviet guarantee on the Swiss model, and an overwhelming desire to be left alone, unbothered by wars and power politics. In brief, neutralism may mean that France is now a cultural rather than a national conception, that Frenchmen have suffered too much, lost too many men in former wars, and become too disillusioned by victory and defeat to fight again as a nation, whatever they may do individually or in ideological groups. But though neutralism is not politically organised, one can distinguish in it various strands and find individuals who have thought out what they mean. When Pierre Cot talks of neutralism, the Communists certainly regard him as an ally: officially Communists cannot be neutralists, but it is tactically valuable for non-Communists to be opposed to the Atlantic Pact. Another form of neutralism comes from the extreme other end of the political spectrum: there are pro-Russian Vichyites, that is, comfortable people of non-heroic mould, who may or may not have stowed away nest-eggs abroad, and who hope to survive somehow if France does not take sides in war, but are quite sure there is no sense in being bombed by anyone if you can help it. Finally, there is the third group—of more importance, and more interesting to me—who argue that the best chance for France and Europe generally is to pursue an independent French policy. That is, they are ready to resist any invader; but, accepting the fact that France is a small country, they oppose external commitments that involve the use of big armies and navies.

* * *

The most important exponent of neutralism is *Le Monde*, admitted by foes as well as by friends to be the most thoughtful and really independent daily in present-day Paris. It is admirably edited and has out-spoken foreign correspondents, and is much more readable than its predecessor, the old *Temps*. Its circulation is still less than 200,000, but it is an influential public that reads it, and various plots are hatching against it. Many people see one such plot in the decision of a group, dominated by Hachette, to turn the *Paris-Presse* into a competing paper which is to appear at the same hour as *Le Monde*. The general policy of *Le Monde* is independence both of Russia and America, and it attempts to reveal the truth about such matters as the rearming of Japan, MacArthurism, and the sort of war that is waged in Korea. It also suggests that in Indo-China it would be better for France to clear out, whether it can make a satisfactory peace with Ho Chi Minh or not. Some think that, now that the Laodong (ex-Viet Minh) Government is wholly Communist, the chance of negotiation has gone; others that the Indo-Chinese are so suspicious of China that an agreement with the West is still possible. In any case the war, on the French side, has become purely one of prestige. One can no longer set off the economic ruin of the war against the importance of Indo-China to French business, for most French business interests have moved out of Indo-China into the Middle East and elsewhere. One of the strange things about France to-day is that French Socialists are so much less clear on the Indo-Chinese issue than an independent paper like *Le Monde*. The people in France who seem most keen on fighting the Indo-Chinese war are the Americans; and if so few French papers or parties are outspokenly opposed, that is widely thought to be due to the influence which all the world in Paris attributes to the American Embassy.

* * *

What of the other papers? *Figaro*, with about 450,000, is the largest and most important Conservative newspaper. It uses *The Times* news service, and reprints Walter Lippmann's and other articles from the *Herald Tribune*. *France Soir*, the most popular evening paper, has a mildly Socialist tendency. The Communist papers, *L'Humanité* and *Ce Soir*, seem to have lost ground recently. *Le Populaire*, once the great organ of Social-Democracy, has ceased to be of much importance. *Le Franc-Tireur* and *Combat*, the two chief papers of the Resistance, have greatly changed. The first is rather Right-wing in its external outlook, but Left on colonial policy and labour relations. *Combat* remains Leftist, but strongly anti-Communist, and has shed its brilliant editor, Claude Bourdet, who is the most systematic exponent of neutralism in *L'Observateur*. The other paper which has done serious thinking on this subject is *Esprit*, the organ of a group of Left-wing Catholics. Both journals argue that France has only a choice of evils. It is no answer to show the dangers of neutralism: one has to propound, they say, a better alternative. They are not pacifists. Bourdet and others of his way of thinking were among the bravest in the Resistance. They are opposed to the Atlantic Pact on the ground that it seems to invite war, does not protect France, and is of no account as a deterrent: if the Soviet Union wishes to march, the only threat that counts is the knowledge that to do so would mean an atomic war with America. Discussing all these issues, I found myself in the odd position of an Englishman asking theoretical questions about where French neutralists would stand if Communism spread over the whole Far and Middle East on to North Africa, while the traditionally theoretic French were purely pragmatic and empirical, holding that each situation must be dealt with realistically as it

arises, and on the basis of what power France can exert without moral and economic ruin.

* * *

People of very different political opinions, with whom I talked, seemed to agree that de Gaullism was once again dangerous in France. One can learn something from its press—not only from the rather vague Gaullism of the daily *L'Aurore* or the respectable and well-produced Gaullist weekly *Carrefour*, but from its violent colleague, *Rivarol*. A general election in the summer is now assumed. The real issue is whether, with the new electoral law designed to reduce the chance of the extremist parties, the Centre can hold. Possibly de Gaulle might get enough seats to enable him to enter a coalition Government. There are sharp differences of opinion about how many seats the Communists will lose. De Gaulle is said to be planning not to put candidates in some seats where the Communist has a good chance, because his bargaining power would be better if the number of Communist Deputies does not fall below, say, eighty. A large number of people believe, more strongly than they have on former occasions, that in times of danger and stress France cannot afford so many changes of Government, and that the opportunity for a more dictatorial regime may be at hand. Against this, I should put the feeling of the intelligent Frenchman that de Gaulle in office might endanger the liberties of France as much as or more than Communist rule.

* * *

Not long ago I found myself at the cinema, unexpectedly hearing and seeing a friend whom I had not met since the middle of the war. André Labarthe, scientist and journalist, once editor of *La France Libre* and later vehement and outspoken opponent of De Gaulle, is the guide and spokesman of that remarkable film *Life Begins Tomorrow*, from the English version of which the short appearance of the Joliot-Curies was, it will be recalled, absurdly cut by censorship. I saw him in person in Paris this week. He is the founder and editor of an extremely prosperous monthly of the "Digest" type, though it is not a Digest since all articles are written specially for it. He has found a "formula" for the more intelligent Digest reader, with the result that his *Constellation* has a circulation of 450,000 and is a serious competitor of the French edition of the *Readers' Digest*.

* * *

In the last few months, British stock has risen immensely in France. The improvement, people tell me, began with Attlee's visit to Washington. They complain that French officers cannot enter areas of Bordeaux without an American permit; I was tickled by the irony of a shop window full of old prints of Le Port autonome de Bordeaux! In contrast, they say, the British middle-class cannot be wholly decadent and defeatist; the British are still capable of standing up to MacArthurism and holding their own with the State Department. It was, I suppose, an essentially neutralist remark that I overheard: "The Place de la Concorde is too big for Paris nowadays. It ought to be moved to Washington." CRITIC

ALL ABOUT EDE

"Throughout the turmoil Mr. Chuter Ede has remained a model of calm and steadiness."—*Observer, March* 18.

Are you weary, sleepless, worried, Mr. Ede,
Is your exit to be hurried, Mr. Ede?
When midnight prayers are tabled
By the wakeful Opposition,
Will you find yourself disabled
By the warfare of attrition?
Must the Labour Party pack up
If no business can proceed?
Are you heading for a crack-up,
Mr. Ede?

Will the Tory insurrection, Mr. Ede,
Force a Festival Election, Mr. Ede?
Are your energies declining?
Are you baffled by procedure?
Are you thinking of resigning?
Must the Commons lose its Leader?
By praying in the small hours,
Will the Tory push succeed?
Can they keep you up till all hours,
Mr Ede?

Is your resolution failing, is it, Ede?
Are you frail, infirm and ailing, are you, Ede?
Will they keep you from your slumbers
By their prayerful intervention,
Till you join the growing numbers
Needing medical attention?
Are you ripe for dissolution
As a hopeless invalid,
Martyr to the Constitution,
Mr. Ede?

Are you feeling far from happy, badgered Ede?
Is appeasement on the *tapis*, is it, Ede?
Now Conservatives embattled
Your Adjournment are disputing,
Are you shaken, nervous, rattled,
As the Cold War turns to shooting?
No, you seem quite hale and hearty,
And though Tories pray and plead,
You will lead the shooting party,
Chuter Ede!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Nice S./C. Flat. . . . Only professional black-coated workers in secure financial position need apply. No Poles, no Czechs, no socialists, no children, no young married couples.—Advt. in *Kensington News*. (A. Drew.)

An extra pair of trousers is to be issued to Tottenham's town hall keeper "to uphold the dignity of the borough."—*Daily Express*. (Joan Bourne.)

The spring Budget will undoubtedly shake us with new calls upon the individual pocket. The stock cry for a tax on bicycles will be voiced with renewed vigour. Indeed, the measure of the Government's statesmanship might well be judged from the reaction to this one vital issue.—*Cycling*. (E. G. Brown.)

Mr. ——, of Bolton, has eight days to spare, so he is going to try to play the piano for 200 hours non-stop.—*Daily Express*. (P. M. Bacon.)

A visit to a Reading biscuit factory by members of Steep Women's Institute inspired Miss —— to write a poem which will be sent to the factory as a mark of appreciation.—*Hants and Sussex Gazette*. (W. A. Grimes.)

The Six Counties

III.—Labour Divided

It was Shaw who described, in the masterly Preface to *John Bull's Other Island*, how normal political life and the remedying of social injustice were made impossible by the fact of national oppression. To-day Partition—whatever one thinks of its general desirability—stands in the way of building a strong and united Labour Party in Northern Ireland.

The trick which has kept the Tories in power for thirty years is at once deadly and simple. It is the suggestion that the Unionist Party alone supports the British connection; that the loyalty of any other party must be suspect; that there is room in Unionist ranks for every true subject of the King, whatever his views on "subordinate" social issues. It matters not that the ten Ulster Unionists at Westminster dutifully take the Tory whip, nor that Stormont implements in every detail a classical Conservative policy (Baldwin's, not Butler's). Give a few Cabinet seats and an occasional prominence to men who deny that they are Conservatives: Protestant workers in their thousands, dazed by the waving of the Union Jack and the blaring of the National Anthem, will vote Unionist again and again. Many of these voters are staunch trade unionists and tell you frankly that, if they lived across the water, they would vote Labour.

In face of this spurious display of unity, Labour stands divided. How it comes about that the Six Counties have two Labour Parties may be strange enough to some English readers to warrant explanation. Until lately, the Northern Ireland Labour Party was neutral on the Partition question. Its policy was that friends and foes of the Union might all be Socialists, and that the problem could be solved when Labour ruled at Westminster. As may be imagined, this compromise was never wholly satisfactory, but it was rigidly adhered to—so much so that in 1939 a group was expelled for proposing a federal solution. It broke down when the Labour Government, after all, made no move to change the *status quo*. Since the Government's sponsorship of the Ireland Bill, which gave the Stormont Parliament a veto on the Border question and lost Labour even more votes in Liverpool than in Londonderry, a united Labour Party seems out of the question.

In 1948, the Executive Committee of the Northern Ireland Labour Party adopted a resolution accepting the desire of a majority of the people to maintain "the present boundaries." The Committee felt that they were facing facts, and that to defeat the Tories it was necessary to remove the slur on "loyalty" and court Protestant votes. But the bulk of Labour strength had always been in Catholic and Nationalist areas. The leading anti-Partitionists, already in touch with the Irish Labour Party, seceded to form a Northern section of that party, which thus became the only movement covering the 32 counties. Of this group, some were as much Nationalist as Socialist, but others—and they are of various religious and political backgrounds—

held the traditional faith that national liberation, carrying with it national unity, is inseparable from Socialism.

In the only trial of strength between the two parties, a municipal election in a staunchly Labour ward of Belfast, mainly but not wholly Catholic, the Irish Labour Party won hands down. Indeed, the N.I.L.P. has no members on any elected body. Despite its stand for the Union, it has yet to win any significant number of Protestant voters away from the Tories, while its English organiser and close links with Transport House are the butt of the Nationalists.

The Irish Labour Party has a considerable following, and its candidates fill seats on elected bodies in five counties. It has to fight on two fronts. It must try to convince Protestants that neither Socialism nor Irish unity (were not Tone and Parnell Protestants?) is a monopoly of the Catholic community. In this it has a long way to go, if we judge from the fact that Mr. Beattie, who before the split sat both at Stormont and at Westminster by adding to a large Catholic vote the necessary margin of Protestant votes, now sits in neither House. The Irish Labour Party must also combat the old-style Nationalists, known in Labour circles as Green Tories. In Belfast this battle has been largely won; that the seven Opposition seats in the Corporation are filled by Labour men and no longer by Nationalists must be set down to the appeal of Socialism. In Londonderry, too, success seemed near till the Green Tories capitalised on a revulsion against the name of the Government which had passed the Ireland Bill. But in the small towns and country districts Labour has much to do. One of the two Nationalists elected to Westminster is of a highly Conservative way of thinking; the other has strong Labour sympathies, but could not win his seat as a Labour candidate. It goes without saying that Toryism is unchallenged in the Protestant countryside.

The relative strengths of the rivals matter less than the harm which the split has done to the Socialist cause in general. Both sides have to agree that Labour has never been so weak, that enthusiasm is totally lacking outside a circle of devoted militants, and that a sizable body of old Labour supporters now belongs to neither party; some, like several trade unions, including the powerful Transport and General, and like one Stormont M.P., call themselves independent, but many others have retired puzzled and disgusted from political life. In a country where there is no tradition of mass party adherence, it may be unfair to point out that the individual membership of the two parties together does not reach five thousand. It is more significant that only one-sixth of the trade unionists pay the political levy. The 31,000 who pay are affiliated members, now as before the split, of the N.I.L.P., but the Irish Labour Party claims the sympathies of many of them. As for the rest of the trade unionists one must suppose that they are apathetic—or Tories.

An outstanding trade union leader (whose union's political fund has idly accumulated since 1948) told me that the best elements of the working class are with neither the Labour Party nor yet with the tiny Communist Party. Where were they, then? They were biding their time, waiting for leaders who would attack the Tories as the capitalist party, and not truckle to them like the one Labour Party or attack them as Orangemen like the other. An unjust and overstated view, I think; I met ardent and radical Socialists in both organisations. But a view not wholly without truth, and which would find echoes among those who remember, or take their inspiration from, the fighting non-sectarian Labour movement of Connolly and Larkin.

So long as Partition remains the dominant issue, politics in the Six Counties is poisoned at the source. It is hard to see how the Tories can be beaten at the polls; Partition will be ended, if it even is, by a change of policy in London, a generous gesture from Dublin, or pressure from Washington. Until that day a fog of depression and unreality hangs over Northern Irish public life.

MERVYN JONES

So They Say . . .

"BENEATH the stone a scorpion lies," and the Government's dilemma is whether to stir up the nest of Celtic vipers which the press last Sunday promised would rear their heads if the pranksters were prosecuted.

A week previously, the *Sunday Dispatch* had renewed its offer of £1,000 for the recovery of the Stone—and a *Sunday Pictorial* reporter (under the heading WHERE IS THAT "BRICK"?) had uncovered the fascinating story of how it had been transported to Scotland. The *Pictorial* urged the conspirators to accept "any reasonable settlement with the authorities."

Last Sunday, however, the editor of the *Sunday Express* personally took over his front page to warn his readers that the case of the Stone "is now about to explode again . . . and this new explosion may well bring unfortunate and quite unnecessary troubles upon us." He stated that a conciliatory plan to place the stone in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, where it could be exhibited for a month before being replaced in Westminster Abbey, had fallen through in the face of official determination to "whisk it back to London immediately." "It is difficult to be sure of the consequences," he continued, and advised the authorities to move with "more sense and caution" if they want to avoid "devastatingly explosive" developments.

Reynolds News based its main story on an exclusive interview with Mr. Oliver Brown, leader of the Scottish National Congress, in which he challenged Scotland Yard to arrest the conspirators, and said that the only terms on which it would be produced were "the acceptance of Scottish ownership of the Stone and the necessity for England to apply for its use when it is required south of the Border." The *News of the World* stated that the culprits had frankly admitted their part to the police and, in common with most of the other Sunday papers, reproduced the design for the medals to be presented to those responsible "at some date not yet fixed."

On Monday several papers printed the appeal of Dr. John MacCormick, Rector of Glasgow University, for leniency towards the culprits, and the *Daily Mail* reported that arrests would be the signal for "widespread demonstrations by . . . hundreds of nationalist, tartan-tammied Scots . . . in the streets of London and at the trial." The *Evening News* identified these as "3,000 Glasgow University Students in kilts and with bag-pipes," but added that despite this, "the Yard are anxious to prosecute." The *Daily Worker* averred that "the King is believed to be personally behind Scotland Yard's frantic attempts to recover the Stone," and the *Daily Express* hinted darkly of questions in the House as to why no action had been taken.

On Tuesday a *Daily Mail* cartoon showed a Civil Servant whispering to a craggy Scot that "anyone who helped get it back in time for the Festival would be admitted free—and that includes the Battersea Amusement Park." The *Daily Worker* quoted Miss Wendy Wood as saying, unsmilingly, that if the Stone is returned to London "there is a Jewish plot to remove it to Palestine where they say it belongs." The *Evening Standard* asked six Londoners named English how they felt about it all, but only one was at all concerned. Another, a butcher's wife, said that a mere stone was unimportant, but that "if it had been a bullock it would have been a serious matter."

And what of the Scottish papers? *The Scotsman* pointed out that "even those who disapprove of 'direct action' in politics would probably be concerned over the prosecution of misguided patriots," and frowningly noted that the matter was being treated with 'some levity' in London, quoting the headline BAGPIPE MARCH TO LONDON THREATENED. The *Glasgow Herald*, however, sternly opposed the striking of any bargain, holding that "the attempt to build up an irresponsible action into a feat of considered patriotism has failed."

AUTOLYCUS

New Turn in Scotland

THE Scottish Covenant Committee, armed with its two million signatures, recently demanded a Royal Commission on the whole question of devolution and Home Rule. Once a devolutionary himself, Mr. McNeil, the Scottish Secretary, turned down the request—thus illustrating that, in accord with the rules of "Scotchmanship," a man who used to thrust well for Edinburgh may parry even better for London. Rebuffed, the Covenant Committee now proposes a new move: it will dissolve and reform as a Covenant Association. In every future by-election in Scotland, the Association is to have a candidate pledged to pursue a policy designed to secure a Royal Commission. If none of the normal party candidates will accept the pledge, then the Association will run a candidate of its own. Since the beginning of this year a number of constituency committees have actually been formed.

When the Labour Government took office in 1945, it was expected in Scotland that "something would be done" about a situation which had never been serious enough to be called the Scottish Question but yet showed no signs of dying a natural death. Labour, by tradition, was believed to accept devolution as a right as well as an expedient necessity: the old corps of Scottish Labour stalwarts, last century, had been out-and-out Home Rulers as part of their policy of pacifism and anti-imperialism. It was not until 1948, in the White Paper on Scottish Affairs, that official indication was given that the Labour Government was changing its mind about devolution, and that the topic of Home Rule was taboo. It was stated then that a general inquiry, covering the whole field of Scottish matters, was not practicable. Out of Scottish indignation the Covenant move-

ment arose—only to be called "emotionalism" by Mr. Woodburn, the then Scottish Secretary.

His successor last year appointed the Catto Committee to look into Anglo-Scottish financial relations. This is a placatory inquiry: the Committee is expected to deliberate for two years or so; many Scots believe its terms of reference were drawn up with sufficient elasticity to permit neutral conclusions; and in some quarters in the North the Committee is suspect as an English weapon in the tactic of stone-walling. Hence, with the Scottish Executive of the Labour Party silent in obedience to Transport House, and the Scottish T.U. Congress meeting for the first time in half a century without a "devolution" item on the agenda, the active work for Home Rule has passed into the hands of the heterogeneous grouping of people who march with Dr. MacCormick under the Covenant flag—now carried into the constituencies.

It has still to be proved that the Covenant movement is more than an elaborate and protracted essay in national character—a stubbornness and an enthusiasm existing in their own right. If the movement is to form itself into an effective political force—and the support of even a small portion of the two million signatories could make it formidable—then the transformation must take place soon. Otherwise, the impetuous zeal which attended the Covenant's birth will be lost. During the past year, the Covenant has been partially eclipsed by world events, and the movement is feeling its relative antiquity: it must either become politically more active or resign itself to being a political curio. Will it be able to secure its "pledged" candidates? Certainly Scottish M.P.s of all parties increasingly complain of the double effort that is expected of them; and a Labour member of a Scottish constituency recently regretted in private that his party had swung away from its earlier attitude towards devolution.

His argument was that, on ground of practical politics, a sub-parliament in Scotland would do something towards easing the pressure of business in Westminster, and would especially ease the burden of Scots M.P.s who find themselves automatically members of the Scottish Grand Committee. This double duty, which demands that a lot of time be given to "parallel" legislation is regarded as equivalent to asking an English member to sit on the L.C.C. as well as in the House. This attitude is not that of a harassed individual. It is, in varying degrees, the opinion of many Scottish members, though not all of them feel that a Northern sub-parliament is the best remedy.

The slow swelling of Scottish administration, under the Scottish Office, may be regarded as necessary devolution brought about by the day-to-day demands of Scottish affairs. The structure of the Scottish Office is open to criticism. Certain departments are lagging behind their English equivalents. This does not imply internal inefficiency, but suggests a lack of authority on top. The consequent argument, put out by people who are not Nationalists, Covenanters, and sometimes not even Scots, is that the situation might be rectified by a legislative body in direct control.

The offices of the Secretary of State for Scotland are too manifold for any one man. They vest him with over-riding authority in such a multitude of spheres that a list of the functions in which he is sole arbiter gives a comic-opera flavour to the Cabinet appointment. The provision of two Assistant Secretaries adds importance to the Secretary, but does not assist the smooth running of the Office, which has to function as best it can on a diet of assorted statutory and departmental legislation, very little produced with the particular needs of Scotland in mind.

In this context, the Scottish problem is seen not as a resurgent nationalism but as one in which basic disparities—housing, unemployment, social health, the backwardness of the Highlands—are dealt with administratively but not legislatively, an Alice-in-Wonderland system of government. It is these basic disparities that the Home Rulers are anxious to correct. Even if London regards them as capering Covenanters, they are the sterner successors of those who asked for facts and were told it was inconvenient to supply them. As long as London can do no more, for example, than say that Scottish unemployment remains "stubbornly high" the Scots feel they have not been validly answered.

Edinburgh. NEIL MCCALLUM

The Brothers

"ONE of these days he'll give his teeth away, and then what'll he do for his belly?" It was his elder brother Kinsey's comment on my uncle Andrew, and a masterly epitome of his character. Andrew was, as they say, generous to a fault; his life was compounded of acts of mercy and kindness. He exuded an utterly unhypocritical, innocent benevolence, not the jolly back-slapping hysterical benevolence of the Dickens characters but a benevolence of settled dignity and poise, benevolence as a way of life. His girth had an eighteenth-century vastness, and he moved in a ponderously formal world of his own. It seemed impossible for him to speak ill of anyone, and whatever he did or said he somehow elevated to a loftier plane. Thus, he did not simply go to the pub for a drink: no; sitting in his wooden armchair by the fire, he would slowly, deliberately take his gold watch from his waistcoat pocket, peer at it long-sightedly and long, so that there could be absolutely no mistake about the time, and then rise slowly and solemnly and with much wheezing. "Mother," he would announce to my aunt, "Mother, I have to slip out for five minutes to see a gentleman."

Uncle Andrew was famous in our family for slipping out to see gentlemen, but though you knew what he and the gentlemen were up to in those five minutes that never lasted less than three hours, you hadn't the least doubt that they *were* gentlemen, large-minded stately men of expansive gesture whose every movement was dictated by ceremony and from whose lips wisdom dropped slowly like succulent plums. The walls of Uncle Andrew's house were hung with portraits of bearded Nonconformist pastors and Liberal statesmen, Gladstone and Joseph Chamberlain: of such kind, one could not doubt, were the gentlemen Uncle Andrew went so frequently to meet.

Naturally his gifts of unction found their ripest fruition at funerals and other solemn events: no man could comfort a widow with more reassuring pieties than he, or was better fitted to celebrate the virtues of the departed, for even when vice stared him in the eyes Uncle Andrew either could not see it or saw it only as the regrettable complement of a more-than-compensating virtue. And his opportunities for going to funerals were many, for he was no less than a Worthy Primo in the Royal and Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. There was a most impressive tinted photograph of him in his regalia above the fireplace. He would often utter, always like a prayer, the words of the Buffalo toast: "May you ever climb the hill of prosperity and never meet a brother coming down!" Alas, Uncle Andrew came down himself, indeed he toppled down. He met one gentleman too many, who proved to him quite conclusively that he would make a fortune in the scrap metal business if he only put up some money and went into partnership with him. Uncle Andrew borrowed right and left, and the gentleman disappeared with the money. After that, Uncle Andrew was heard to speak ill of one man. But it didn't change his gait. He still walked slowly, as though in procession and an alderman at least, with his stick in his hand and his bowler hat clamped upon his head.

But all my three maternal uncles were eminently bowler-hatted men: they possessed, in their different ways, the solidity of body, the squareness of face and head, above all, the suggestion of *gravitas* that comes from constant walking by a completely accepted, never-questioned inner principle, for which the bowler is the only proper crown. This was true even of Uncle Kinsey, for all his bowler was of the kind we called (I know now quite wrongly) a billy-cock, meaning by that a hat older, seedier, greener than a bowler should be. Out of sympathy with the billy-cock, perhaps, his moustache was more drooping and ragged than those of his brothers, and unlike theirs his normal neckwear was a silk muffler, not collar and tie. All the same, that dejected billy-cock, tilted ever so slightly over one eye, asserted in Uncle Kinsey the dignity of man. Of my uncles he was the one I knew and remembered least well. He was a foundry labourer, and we saw him only when he was out of work. He remains illuminated in my memory by that single vivid rhetorical question he asked of Uncle Andrew, and but for it, he would be no more than a dim depressed saturnine figure who was, I seem to recall, slightly bow-legged. Yet from the evidence of that single remark and from the contemplation of his Christian names, I think I can guess, if not at the inner principle by which he walked, at least at the principle to which he was sacrificed.

Was ever working man more absurdly christened? When he was young, the name Kinsey could have meant nothing to anyone, certainly not the sexual behaviour of the American male, but that was the name which his parents, with the best intentions, had given him. But as though Kinsey was not enough, they had added Beaumont, which was almost as bad, as his second name. Together, they meant a burden under which he must have staggered all his life. For Uncle Kinsey was the living reminder in our midst that somewhere in the family, tantalisingly not so far away, was Money, and Rank. My grandfather, who was the younger son of a younger son, had once even inherited as much as a hundred pounds. By having the traditional family names conferred upon him, Uncle Kinsey had, as it were, been laid out at birth as the human bait for more. He never got any, and I can only hope he found some consolation in his sardonic humour, for it is impossible to believe that a man who made one good remark did not make hundreds more.

On holiday in Wales, my uncle Ted, the eldest of the brothers, once called on his third or fourth cousin, the baronet, whose money Uncle Kinsey's names had so signally failed to attract. Uncle Ted was not admitted. The front door as good as slammed in Uncle Ted's face! We were aghast. For Uncle Ted wore, so to speak, his bowler hat with a difference. There was no question of what principle he walked by. If Uncle Andrew stood for recklessness and Uncle Kinsey for failure, Uncle Ted was efficiency itself, the family success and therefore the family tribunal. School reports had to be shown to him, and jobs weren't

taken without his being consulted first. For he had "influence": he was a J.P., a Poor-Law Guardian, even that sinister figure, a freemason; he had been invited to stand for Parliament; he called Mr. Snowden, Philip; he knew the men who could get you jobs on the Corporation. Even our elders stood in awe of him. He called one evening on Uncle Andrew. My aunt opened the door. "Evening, Rose. Andrew in?" "Well, Ted, it's like this," she began in her flustered way, doubtless about to explain that Andrew had had to go and see a gentleman. Uncle Ted cut her short: "Is he ever in?" he barked, and slammed the front garden gate behind him. It gave poor Aunt Rose quite a turn. As for me, I accepted as gospel, as evidence of his power and authority, a story my elder brother told of him, of how Uncle Ted had stepped off a tramcar only to find he had neglected to put the used ticket in the box for litter, and how, rather than commit an offence against the by-laws by throwing it in the gutter, he had beckoned a policeman and said, "Please dispose of this ticket, officer."

Sometimes on Sunday evenings, instead of going to chapel, I went with Uncle Ted and my aunt to the Labour Church. On weekdays it was the hall of an elementary school. We sat in the cramped desks, stared down upon by highly coloured portraits of King George V, in naval uniform, and Queen Mary. Between them on the wall behind the platform hung the school motto, strikingly appropriate to our secular worship: *Labor omnia vincit*. We sang our Socialist hymns; or rather, everyone sang but Uncle Ted, who hummed resonantly instead. We sang "When wilt Thou save the people, O God of mercy, when?" We sang "God gave the land to the people." We bowed our heads to no God, but somehow we couldn't keep Him out of the hymns. Then, after our equivalent of a sermon—an Indian student denounced the rule of the British in India, or an enthusiastic lady described how in Russia education was compulsory and free, or, as a change, someone talked about the philosophy of Bernard Shaw and we were elevated by thoughts of the Life Force—we ended with the Red Flag, Uncle's hum booming militantly through the hall.

It was very innocent and absurd. And here I find a contradiction in my uncle. How could he, whose favourite term of contempt was "half-baked," have endured week after week that gathering of the amiable lunatic fringe of the Labour movement? The answer lies, of course, in the Uncle Ted I never knew, the young man who had helped to found the I.L.P., who had stumped the street-corners, and had organised strikes; who had, in fact, been an agitator. What he represented for me was the power of knowledge. Self-educated, he seemed to have read everything, everything at any rate that could be conceivably considered useful. Old English and Icelandic—he had carried off evening institute prizes in them both; he had done work for the Early English Text Society; he had corresponded with Skeat himself. And if you'd asked him what the use of Icelandic was, or the use of poetry, he'd have answered in pity for your ignorance and without irony: "Why, boy, it's useful for examinations."

He had been a great passer of examinations. Anything that man can learn he could learn. At the age of seventeen, a junior postman, he had passed first in all England in the entrance examinations for the Imperial College of Science. What he could never understand was, not that he'd been first, for he could not have conceived of being anything else, but that the success had had no sequel. "They gave me a medal and a pile of books," he'd say, "but it never seemed to enter into anybody's head to find the money to send me to the College. They let me be wasted, boy." Nobody had thought of it, and he couldn't understand why: it seemed to him such an obvious thing. So he ended up, not a scholar, but a senior post office official, the family success who could get you a job in a bank if you'd passed the School Certificate. And in his retirement he sat on the bench as a magistrate, and once or twice had to leave it, when Uncle Kinsey's son-in-law, who was in and out of prison with some regularity, appeared before him.

In the evenings he listened to Mozart, Harry Lauder, Norah Blaney and John Tilly on the gramophone, beating time and humming to himself where humming seemed called for, and read the biographies of politicians and diplomatists, the works of M. André Maurois in the French and the novels of Zane Grey. The last he seemed to think needed some defence. "Boy," he'd say decisively, his eye fixed sternly on me, "Boy, Zane Grey is doing for the frontier of the United States exactly what Scott did for the Border." And Uncle Ted himself, at any rate, had no doubt that authority had spoken.

WALTER ALLEN

The Arts and Entertainment

NO TUNES

THE complaint that new music lacks melody is old and suspect. At concerts of contemporary music the topic is studiously avoided: critics fear to make Beckmessers of themselves. An awful example haunts them: that of the anti-Wagnerian who declared that "apart from an ill-harmonised chorale" the overture to *Tannhäuser* contained no tune. Twice during that overture there leaps forth from the full orchestra a blatant, bouncing tune, rather like Weber but of coarser grain: how on earth could the fellow have missed it? And if he could be so flagrantly wrong are not we perhaps equally deaf to the tunes of our contemporaries? May not our grandchildren come to whistle *Pierrot Lunaire*, and flock to romantic musical-comedy-biographies based on the melodies of Berg and Bartok, as *Lilac Time* is based on those of Schubert?

It seems unlikely. The tunes of *Figaro* were whistled all over Prague within a week of its production; Schubert's melodies soon found their way into every bourgeois circle in Vienna; those of Verdi fanned the flame of revolution. Nothing like that has existed in our time. This is not a melodic age; it is an age characterised by every kind of harmonic, orchestral and rhythmic innovation, to which the claims of melody have had to defer. Possibly, when music has entered another period of equilibrium, new and fascinating types of melody may be developed. At present the attitude of modern composers and "advanced" listeners towards melody is tinged with ambiguity and nostalgia: they can't do without it, and they can't do with it, either. The ambiguity is resolved in various ways. Composers of the Schönbergian persuasion go blandly ahead, insisting that what they write *is* melody, and that in due course the world will come to see it as such. Then there is the folk song solution, adopted by composers like Holst and Vaughan Williams, and seldom successful in the symphonic or the operatic context. The big E flat major tune, the one later known as "I vow to thee, my country", sounds absurdly out of place in Holst's *Jupiter*. And, even in so fine a piece of sustained musical thought as the first movement of VaughanWilliams's Sixth Symphony, the swinging E major tune, which consoles our ears after so much clamour and strife, makes a kind of pretty patch in the musical fabric; it seems to belong to another and simpler world. Yet neither of these tunes is an actual folk tune; only "folk-type."

The Parisian school, never much interested in folk song, have been flirting for decades with a popular *café concert* type of tune, which they treat sometimes in a sentimental and nostalgic way, but more usually in a vein of irony, so as to make the best of both worlds, of simplicity and sophistication. (They are like those conversationalists who are always using clichés "in inverted commas.") Poulenc and Ibert have achieved many delightful things by this Janus-like attitude towards melody, but it cannot provide a basis for serious or extended composition. In early Prokofiev and Walton, and in Shostakovich of all periods, we find a similar satirical use of tune. Stravinsky has written some beautiful and original tunes, but in general he seems content to evade the issue in a long series of melodic imitations of the past. In fact, nothing could better illustrate our uneasy awareness of present-day melodic sterility than the admiration now lavished—by public and musicians alike—precisely on those composers of the past who excelled in melody and were formerly patronised as tune-spinners: on Mozart, above all; on Schubert; and most recently on Verdi. These are now our gods; and though critics and composers prefer to praise them for almost any other virtue, yet melodic genius and fecundity are the qualities which they most evidently possess in common, and in the possession of which they most strikingly differ from our contemporaries. Much of the popularity enjoyed by Benjamin Britten's music is due to his frequent tunefulness; and even he is not altogether uninhibited. He seldom gives a melody its head, and his tunes are inclined to be short-winded; but, at their best, they are as fresh and unmistakable as the dawn.

There was a London Contemporary Music Centre concert last week, given in conjunction with the B.B.C., which drove home to us the melodic poverty of our times. Paul Sacher and the Philharmonia Orchestra played three works, none of which seemed to have been born with a tune in its mouth, or even to aim at melodic distinction. Priaulx Rainier's *Sinfonia da Camera* is a less genial and communicative work than her String Quartet; it is indeed a dry piece, which sounds as though it had been written out of no impulse but merely to prove some theory of composition. Matyas Seiber's *Fantasia Concertante* for solo violin (Max Rostal) and strings, though constructed on the twelve-note pattern, is not dry; the texture is beautifully calculated, and the slow sections of the work, in which the ear has time to follow imitations and inversion among the moving parts, attain a certain pitch of intensity. In the rapid sections, as usual with this kind of music, the absence of harmonic pull and the continual polyphonic play of unrecognised themes leave the listener with a blurred impression.

The main event of the evening was the setting, by the Swiss composer, Frank Martin, of Rilke's famous sequence of poems, *Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke*. This cycle of 23 songs with a fairly full orchestral accompaniment uses, like other works by the same composer, a modified form of Schönbergian technique linked with elements of French impressionism to form a subtle and pliable language at the service of a highly cultivated musical and literary taste. Yet, after two hearings, I must report my decided view that there is not enough invention in this work, not enough sheer music, certainly not enough tune, to sustain the interest for so long. The touching, romantic sequence of moods and events is poetically mirrored in the score; but it is seldom that the music takes flight of itself and rivets the listener's attention or compels his emotion. Much of the voice part is bare recitative; and it was delivered with authority and power by Elsa Cavelti, a Swiss contralto, who is the chosen interpreter of the work. However, it was again noticeable, as it had been in a broadcast

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last year, that she often inadvertently deviated by a tone or more from the notes written by the composer. Strange to relate, these deviations from pitch make little or no difference to the result; and this fact is surely significant. Suppose she had been singing *Die schöne Müllerin*!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

I THINK the clue to the success of Mr. Henry Reed's *Canterbury Cathedral* lay in its sub-title, *An Exploration in Sound*. It was, in some respects, the most exciting feature programme I have heard for many many months. In some respects . . . Let me try to particularise. The intrinsic interest of its subject-matter may redeem a pedestrian script and a conventional treatment. For me, Canterbury Cathedral has no such intrinsic interest; and though, since hearing it a week ago, I have been haunted by Mr. Reed's programme on it, I have also been haunted by the programmes that less imaginative writers might have written on it, for it is a subject calculated to let loose all the clichés and banalities of radio-writing. It is, for one thing, an obstinately visual subject, and its history can so easily be potted into those little dramatised episodes that are radio's equivalent of the panels of the strip cartoon. We have all suffered, and indeed still do, from such features, whose only *raison d'être*, one often feels, is that they may be guyed by Miss Grenfell and Mr. Potter. But Mr. Reed evoked the place and its history through sound alone, that is to say, through distinguished language spoken by fine voices. The structure of his programme was musical, antiphonal, the voices used almost as musical instruments—and never have I heard in any programme voice more admirably balanced against voice, Mr. McKechnie's against Mr. Cusack's, Mr. Esmé Percy's against Mr. Dennis Arundell's and Mr. Michael Hordern's, and so on. We were treated, in other words, to a virtuoso display of radio writing, in which the very limitations of the medium were turned into sources of strength. The cathedral had become a cathedral in sound. The programme, admirably produced by Mr. R. D. Smith, had been written originally for the General Overseas Service: if *Canterbury Cathedral* is a typical example of its programmes, how lucky its listeners are.

Such programmes must, in fact, always be rare; and they are not necessarily the most important features the B.B.C. puts out, though four or five years ago, when writers like Mr. MacNeice and Mr. Sackville West were writing regularly for radio, they were more common than they are to-day. The bulk of radio features must always be journalism. But there is good journalism and bad. Mrs. Nesta Pain's *The Misfit*, a dramatic exposition of various types of psychopath, was an excellent example of good radio journalism: crisp, fast-moving, packed with information, and with adequate characterisation. Mr. Lovett Edwards's *Belgrade 1941* seemed to me an instance of bad radio journalism. But here a distinction must be made. Mr. Edwards had a most interesting story to tell: a newspaper correspondent in Jugoslavia in 1941, he was an eye-witness of General Simovic's *coup* that brought Jugoslavia into the war on the side of the Allies. And so long as Mr. Edwards himself was allowed to tell his story it *was* interesting. But what would have been a first-rate talk had been tarted up into a feature, with sound-effects of marching feet, thunderous applause, popular rejoicing and recordings of the choirs of the Orthodox Church. But it wasn't in these accessories that the drama and the glory lay. They were merely distractions; and they got in the way. As so often happens, a bad feature turned out to be a good talk ruined.

A good talk that was not ruined was Mr. Christopher Salmon's *Respecting Self*, an examination of the implications behind a letter written by a group of U.S. Marines on the eve of action in Korea that has received wide publicity in America. As an exposition of the American national character it was as illuminating as anything I have ever heard or read. It is absurd that a talk of this nature should be confined to the Third Programme.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Lights Out," at the Leicester Square
"Father's Little Dividend," at the Empire
"Les Amoureux Sont Seuls au Monde," at Studio One

Lights Out is a tale of disablement after the pattern of *The Men*. Neither so painful nor so high-powered as its original, it follows a clearly marked course. Flash of the war, mutilation, journey home, sullen resistance followed by awkward adaptation, the hospital exchanged for the knockabout world: two girls, here, help to bring off the trick. Blindness is the disability involved, and it is much to the credit of *Lights Out* that its sentimentalities—for this is, in general, a sentimental film—are not those commonly surrounding the blind man. The hospital ward gives hints of inner experience, the routine of way-finding and sensitivity tests fascinate, and there are moments of unforced pathos: the lover waiting impatiently on the balcony, for example, switching on and off the lamp he can't see, and the casually dropped remark about niggers by a man whose best friend, unknown to him, is a Negro. Admirable, that last touch from a sightless world, and the reconciliation of southerner and Negro strengthen an otherwise weakly happy end. *Lights Out* never digs deep into character.

Its blind sergeant (Arthur Kennedy) with a law career ahead and his girl (Peggy Dow), whose sympathies make up for a broken engagement, charm us with a courtship that has all the naturalness we could wish for it. They dance together for the first time, they join in a sing-song in the traditional wood-cabin, the voice of one comes to the other through the hurry-scurry of a railway terminus. Will these radiant faces after a few years acquire the inexpressive briskness we've met with in so many a blind man and his companion? It is not the purpose of *Lights Out* even to hint at that; it coaxes us, in a world where we have wars always with us, to accept the rosiest accommodation of its victims. White sticks wag their way to a happy meeting, and if there's an infinitely patient dog in wait for some, we never see it. A sensitiveness that has not always distinguished the treatment of such themes prevents this film (directed by Mark Robson) from slipping into the ooze of Pan-Americanism.

That enormous quagmire has wholly claimed *Father's Little Dividend*, the sequel to a lively dash of domestic satire, *Father of the Bride*. Long before the arrival of a grandchild three families are plunged into a state of idiotic expectancy which changes only to idiotic worship. Quite a lot of it is meant to be funny and, here and there, thanks to Mr. Spencer Tracy (who starts, at any rate, by being on our side), it *is* funny. His unwillingly bemused grandfather only lets us down by sinking gradually into the syrupy slime. I don't mind admitting that I enjoyed a very refreshing nap of ten minutes in the middle of all this domesticity, to find on my return Mr. Tracy still with a charmed anguish waiting for the bog to close over.

The delightful title of the piece at Studio One hardly realises itself, though Jouvet does his commanding best. It begins with such a piece of play-acting between long-married lovers that we never quite step out into broad day, and have to be content with a conventional though by no means witless script, agreeably embodied by Dany Robin, Renée Devillers, and Jouvet himself. He's a composer, by the way, with a too aspiring young pupil and a too angelic wife. The wife wins, by a long-foreseen split second. His music, though unremarkable, doesn't call for ear-plugs.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Soldier's Tale," at the Whitehall Theatre

Stravinsky's *L'histoire du soldat* and *Ragtime* for eleven instruments appeared in the same year to show what tangos, two-steps and jazz could do. He gave European music what amounted to a rhythmic hypodermic, said Copland. It was 1918, the end of the Great War, when Stravinsky deserted ballet and barbarism for economical abstraction; and pure rhythmic experiment pushed to its logical conclusion in the cadenza for drums alone which ends *L'histoire*. The score has never been quite neglected in London, but one would have expected the full staging, put on by the Under Thirty Theatre Group last Sunday, to be no more than mildly diverting, with the centre of interest thrown back where Ramuz and the composer intended it, on the narration. Actually it stayed in the orchestra, not only because narrator (Kenneth Mackintosh) and choreographer (Bert Stimmel) were not strong enough to shift it, but also because both story and its illustrations are so simple that an ill-bred snigger can destroy their effect, while the writing for seven instruments is devilishly fascinating. It had more than a period, experimental charm. Quite apart from their brilliant treatment, the fiddling little tunes themselves seemed pretty; and the scoring of the Chorals is dazzling. One would not have preferred a concert version, since this was the music in its proper context, and one is grateful to the Under Thirties for letting it be heard so. Besides, from Maurice Kaufmann came a most attractive impersonation of the Soldier.

A. P.

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Correspondence

THE LEVEL OF ARMAMENTS

SIR,—If, as everyone in both East and West must sincerely hope, an agenda for a Foreign Ministers' conference emerges out of the interminable deliberations at the Palais Rose in Paris, and if, as Mr. Gromyko's unusually conciliatory disposition may lead Western Governments to expect, the Soviet delegate finally agrees to discuss the level of armaments as the first item under the heading of causes of international tension, the Western Powers, by their insistence upon this latter point, may have landed themselves in difficulties which they clearly had not bargained for.

The possibility that the Soviet Government may use the conference as a forum from which to advance the view that 175 divisions contribute to international tension only if one considers *conventional* weapons, to the exclusion of all others, is one that appears to have escaped Mr. Davies and his colleagues. The Soviet Foreign Minister may well argue that the existence of incalculably large quantities of *unconventional* weapons in the West, of which the atomic bomb is but a small part, and in which the United States, with several years start and the pick of German scientists, is overwhelmingly more powerful than the Soviet Union, is ample "provocation" for the arming of 175 divisions plus satellite units integrated in an Eastern European "defence" force.

Difficult as it is for even Mr. Churchill's inexhaustible sources of information to declare with certainty

that 175 divisions are plotting aggressions against us, difficult as are the satellite armies to measure, what assurances can we give the Soviet that the size of our unconventional armaments is such as cannot inspire them with fear? What, indeed, are we to answer if the Soviet claim that, since the precedent of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, a hundred or so divisions of infantrymen are no more of a threat to peace than the devastating potential power of an accumulation of hydrogen bombs? M. S. B. WEIGALL

Brasenose College,
Oxford.

"KILLING A SCHOOL"

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Kinchin-Smith, whilst admitting that the London County Council has not adopted "the disreputable process" of "packing" the Governing Bodies of its Secondary schools, does not find anything misleading in Mr. Rolph's article which implied that this was being done. The fact is that by making its own appointment of Governors (i.e. other than the University representative and the co-optative Governors) on a political basis in proportion to the strength of the parties on the Council, there can be no question of "packing" at all.

Apart from this, Mr. Kinchin-Smith has built up his argument on assertions which he attributes to me, but which are of his own invention. I need not comment on his allegation that I had stated that an Officer from County Hall attended to "guide" the Governors, when what I had actually said was that the Officer attended to give full information—quite a different thing! But I feel that I cannot allow his opening remarks to pass unchallenged. Mr. Kinchin-Smith accuses both Mr. Reade and myself of having attempted "to convict THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of unfairness." In this he advances an entirely new thesis in journalism. There is nothing unfair in a periodical publishing a signed article advocating views with which many of its readers or even its Editorial Board may disagree—that is the essence of democratic journalism. It becomes unfair only if, after such an article is published, no adequate criticism thereof is permitted. That this could never happen in the case of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I am fully convinced.

Hackney Downs School. BERNARD HOMA,
Chairman of Governors.

SIR,—In the debates in the London County Council, which sought, on the advice of the Minister of Education, to give the same status, under the 1944 Act, to three London Grammar schools, as has already been given to many Grammar schools up and down the country, we heard from the Conservative Opposition not one word about the interests of London schoolchildren as a whole, but only about the interests of the three schools, and indeed almost entirely about the interests of St. Marylebone Grammar School.

There was not the smallest appreciation of the great problem which faces London and the whole country—that of giving reality to the promise of the Education Act of 1944, by extending to all children a Secondary education which has hitherto been the privilege of the few, and thus endeavouring to create an educated democracy.

It is a formidable task. We have to try to squeeze a magnum of Secondary education into an existing pint pot. Surely it must be admitted that some stretching and extension will be necessary? Why should the spirit of the Grammar school perish, if it becomes the heart and centre of something larger? How have our ancient educational foundations—and our other time-old institutions—survived, except by adapting themselves to changing social needs? Is the Royal and Pious Founder, King Henry VI, turning in his grave because Eton College no longer serves the handful of scholars, the sons of poor parents, and bedesmen, for whom he founded it in 1440?

Our great Grammar schools were in their day as revolutionary a conception as are the Comprehensive high schools which we are now seeking to establish; not the three under discussion, which are comparatively modern foundations, the oldest being a mere 160 years old, but the first, the exemplars, founded by the great educational reformers at the time of the Reformation. For these Grammar schools not only broke away from the Middle Ages by teaching the New Learning; but, starting with Dean Colet's St. Paul's School, gradually a system of education was built up for the new Tudor middle-class, which in the course of the century changed the face of England—just as we are trying to build up, for our new democracy, a new system of education which we hope will, gradually, change the face of our England.

There was just the same rumpus about the introduction of the Grammar schools then as there is now about the Comprehensive high schools. Medievalists, fighting for the unchanged retention of what always had been, poured out abuse, as does Mr. C. H. Rolph. Sir Thomas More wrote to Dean Colet, after the founding of St. Paul's School: "No wonder that your school has raised such a storm. For it is like the wooden horse in which armed Greeks were hidden for the ruin of barbarous Troy."

It is a new experience to find a writer in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION repeating almost word for word the narrow-visioned arguments of the Conservatives at County Hall, on the side of barbarous Troy. L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE

County Hall,
London, S.E.1.

THE SIX COUNTIES

SIR,—Two articles by Mervyn Jones in your issues of March 24 and 31 on the subject of Northern Ireland seem, by a number of omissions and doubtful assertions, to present an incorrect picture.

In the first article dealing with employment, your contributor makes no mention of the most important factor at present causing unemployment in Northern Ireland. This is the fact that there is no conscription for National Service there. If the same proportion of the population was conscripted there as in Britain, this would, by direct and indirect absorption of labour, produce employment figures for Northern Ireland which would compare favourably with those in most other parts of the United Kingdom.

The feeling in Northern Ireland seems to be that, if the British Government is not prepared to conscript in the province, and is sincere in its war preparations, there ought to be a corresponding increase in the allocation of rearmament industries to Northern Ireland. The fact that the province is felt to have been given a raw deal industrially has contributed to the catastrophic fall in the Labour vote there.

In the second article dealing with the "drift from the land," there are a number of general statements which would be very hard to substantiate. The assertion that Northern Ireland is not really predominantly industrial and that "indeed, Northern Ireland's industry will outstrip agriculture at its own peril," is hard to understand when we recollect that industry has outstripped agriculture there for several generations, that industry employs more than twice as many people in the province as agriculture, and exports goods about four times as valuable as the agricultural exports.

With more particular reference to the Border areas, your contributor refers to "the slow process whereby the rural areas become less populous and less productive." Since the Government of Northern Ireland was set up, the rural and Border areas of the province have actually increased in population and in agricultural output; and State-aided reclamation schemes have brought land into use which was never used before. In 1945 Fermanagh contained 23,000 acres of land classified as "bog, marsh and barren mountain," and Tyrone almost exactly the same area. In 1949 this had been reduced to 16,000 acres in Fermanagh and 19,000 in Tyrone. The only county in which there is not an increase in population is Fermanagh, where there has been a drop of 800 since 1937. Urban population has risen much more rapidly, but the rural and Border areas are not in the state of decline he suggests.

Your contributor points out that Nationalists have a majority of about 6,000 in the two constituencies of Fermanagh and Mid-Ulster. The interesting point is that, although the Roman Catholic population there has slightly increased, the Nationalists used to be able to count on a majority of about 12,000 in that area, which suggests that politics and religion are becoming gradually more dissociated there, surely a healthy development.

Various factors are mentioned by your contributor without any attempt to assess their actual total effect on the life of Northern Ireland. Most of them I believe to be negligible factors. Take, for example, Northern Ireland as a scene of gerrymandering and see how it works out at the parliamentary level. The constituency boundaries can be and have been altered under the authority of a Unionist Government. Take the result at the last general election for the Parliament at Stormont. There was a 79 per cent. poll in contested constituencies, and Unionists polled 236,000 votes, 63 per cent. of the votes cast, while "anti-Partitionists" polled 101,000 or 27 per cent. In the House of Commons of 52 members, the "anti-Partitionists" got 12 seats. The result is that representation at Stormont comes much closer to actual voting strength in the country than is the case at Westminster. Or again, let us look at one of the areas your contributor mentions, Tyrone. It is represented at Stormont by five Members. Two Unionists each represent an average of 16,204 Unionist electors, while three Nationalists each represent an average of 11,924 Nationalist electors.

We all know that any political party in or out of office does its best to obtain results in many roundabout ways. If we are to assess the results of this, we can do so only by examining how they work out at top levels and all-over results, and we can compare them with what happens in other places. By such standards Northern Ireland is just a very ordinary and respectable place.

Belfast. HUGH SHEARMAN

SIR,—No precision engineering firm moved in when the paper mill was sold up. Since the paper mill closed no new industry has come to Ballyclare, and, so far as I know, none is likely to come. Indeed, the Minister of Commerce and his advisers made clear when representatives of the local council and

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myself pressed for a new industry on the close down of the mill last year, his reason: the percentage of unemployed was not as great as in other towns in Northern Ireland.

JOHN MCATEER,
Secretary,
The National Union of Printing, Bookbinding and Paper Workers (Belfast Branch).

"UN-AMERICAN"

SIR,—Mr. Howard da Silva, who is familiar to British audiences from the parts he played in *The Lost Weekend* and *Fourteen Hours*, is one of the second group of actors, writers and other artists now being grilled by the Committee for Un-American Activities. He wanted to make the following statement in public hearing before the Committee:—

"I've been an actor for twenty-two years. They have been years of hard work and some achievement. Years of learning about the world through the works of honest playwrights and of bringing to the roles I've played something of what I learned in life. . . . Whatever talents and abilities I have are rooted in my linkage with the people of this country.

"If this link is strong I cannot be blind or deaf to the problems of the people, and inevitably I must form opinions on the issues which spring from these problems. My opinions may not always coincide with those of the majority of the people. But my obligations as a citizen require that I express these opinions when and where I choose. And as a citizen I have the further responsibility to resist being forced to express my opinions or intimidated into changing them.

"I hold an opinion to-day. It is shared by the overwhelming majority of the American people. It is that peace must be achieved; that another war is unthinkable. I hold another opinion. It is not shared as yet by the majority of the American people. It is that there are men in high places in our Government who prefer war to peace. I also believe that those who hold this preference are trying to stifle discussion or contrary opinion by branding every expression of peace as subversive. I think that's why I'm here.

"This is my honest belief. And I cannot escape it by taking the 'easy way' that has often been recommended to me: 'Read your lines, pick up your check and lie in the California sun.' I cannot lie. It is not the easy way for me. I am unable to comfort myself with the childish fantasy that whatever happens won't happen to me. I cannot convince myself that when A-bombs fall, they will fall far enough away from my place in the sun so that they won't disturb me—or you. And I cannot forget Dr. Albert Einstein's words: 'I don't know what weapons will be used in World War III; I do know that World War IV will be fought with clubs.'

"This is my opinion on the most vital issue of our day. It differs from that of the men in high places who are engaged to-day in a very difficult project. The newspapers have referred to it as the 'Science of Engineering Consent.' To engineer consent. To take a slide rule and calipers to the human mind. To forge a mould in a single design and cast all thought in its pattern. To achieve conformity. And to bludgeon people into conformity with a threat of the black list.

"The pattern is tragically familiar. And the pretence that the bludgeon is aimed at the Communist becomes thinner and thinner. For as the word 'Communist' is stretched to include all progressives, it is also stretched to include all who do not conform in word, deed, association and thought with the pattern set in Washington. And no one in Washington or in Hollywood believes that the present objective of this Committee is to uncover some fantastic attempt to overthrow Southern California by force and violence. No, their objective is to 'Engineer Consent' in every facet of American life.

"But we Americans still believe in something called private property, and we have always extended it beyond our immediate possessions. Our homes are our castles. Our ideas and our instincts are also our castles. They belong to us. We make up our minds and we change our own minds as we see fit and without the 'Engineering of Consent.'

"The men in Washington have had some success. They have frightened people, but they are frightened too. They are frightened by what Dorothy Thompson called 'the hiatus between Government policy and the instinct of the people.' The people do not want war and they will not be bludgeoned into it.

"Nor will I. I love my work. But it can wait for a while. I will not be intimidated by the threat of black list. I will not be intimidated by the threat of slander, smoke-screens or stool-pigeons. I will not help destroy our Constitution or surrender its guarantees to me. In short, I will not be shoved around.

"I am an actor who is more talented than some and less talented than many. But I have neither the talent, the information, nor the imagination to aid this Committee in its present inquisition. I have no ambition to play the informer. I see no future in pointing everywhere and endlessly, in surrendering my friends and my conscience, in destroying my own integrity and living out my days like a forlorn begging dog. That is not my idea of a role for an actor or a citizen.

"My love for this country is deep enough for me to be able to distinguish between its people and its policies of the moment. I will always identify myself with the interests of the American people. I will support or oppose my Government's policies to the extent that I understand them to serve or harm the people of this nation. This is my position. And here I stand."

The Committee refused to allow Mr. da Silva to make this statement, and it has, in consequence, received no publicity in the press of the United States.

AN AMERICAN

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

SIR,—It ought to be easy to make fun of women's magazines, as it is easy to deride anything big, from the cinema and music-hall to the intellectual self-satisfaction of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION writers; all the less excuse, therefore, for Robert Pitman to have crammed so many false assumptions into one article, and to fail even to be very funny. He ought at least to have read his subject thoroughly, before dismissing the whole variegated mass of women's papers (as various and as differing in quality as a year's films shown at one cinema) as "a hot, verbena-scented bath" (your issue of March 24).

I work editorially and also as a writer of fiction for the biggest of the women's magazines. May I dispose of what points are perceptible in Mr. Pitman's article?

First, he need not be surprised to find the fiction in those magazines well written. Chekhov and Dickens wrote for magazines, after all; and some of our living writers would improve their work a lot if they followed suit. I do not claim that any of our contributors is a Dickens or a Chekhov, or even that the standard of our fiction is consistently high. But we do seek constantly for the best, and it is only the intellectual snobbery of many English writers which prevents us from always publishing the best. As it is, a number of our leading authors have been sensible enough to recognise an opportunity when they see one, and stories by Noel Coward, Somerset Maugham, F. L. Green, Alec Waugh, William Sansom and equally reputable writers have been and are being published in women's magazines. There are also a number of new writers who, despite the much-lamented passing of *Horizon* and *New Writing*, have found an answer to one eminent critic's lament the other day, "What market is there left for young writers?"

It is nonsense, secondly, to claim that all women's magazines "reflect the American Century." American stories are often published because, lacking the preciousness of much English writing, they combine at least a competent level of writing with a gustily alive content. But it would be unthinkable to publish the sort of rubbish Mr. Pitman attributes to us, in which "heroes face marriage daringly with little else to their names than £25 a week and a wee sports car." Surely we make enough real mistakes—who doesn't?—for Mr. Pitman to pick on without having to invent ones?

It's true we are not political campaigners. For that matter, neither are we specialists on poultry-keeping, philosophy, or roller-skating. We claim to be none of these things, but only an efficient vehicle of family entertainment and recreation. That we are efficiently carrying out that claim is simply proved. Two-and-a-quarter million people buy the magazine which employs me, and other magazines also have mass circulations. It's a pity that Mr. Pitman disapproves of their taste, but I imagine this will not unduly distress them.

HURRY! They are going fast

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I should not be wasting my time and your space writing this letter if I did not believe that Mr. Pitman's article, and your publication of it, emphasises a state of mind among a small but probably influential group which is quite deplorable. England seems to me to have too many potentially good writers who are so intent on stressing their superiority to "the mass," shuddering away from "commercial writing," and fiddling juvenilely in their own fluting Junior Common Rooms that they never become capable of writing a good honest story. It's time writers stopped being sedately amused at the vulgar tastes of the masses—who have often shown themselves appreciative of the best when the best is presented to them—and come in on the side of the masses—even if it means writing for women's magazines. The fear of "writing for money" is groundless; a man called Shakespeare did it constantly. And as for the editors, their products over the last five years have shown that they are quite sincere in their wish to keep raising the standards of their magazines.

Chelsea. HOWARD WYCE

PEACE WITH CHINA

SIR,—Many of your readers responded generously to the last appeal for funds to finance the work of the Peace With China Council. We were enabled to engage a suitable staff and to organise a series of large and successful meetings. We are now faced with an immediate need for funds if our activities are to be continued and developed. We do not need to remind readers of your journal of the urgency of the situation. Once again, critical decisions are being made concerning Korea. May we once again appeal for donations large and small from those who have already contributed and from those who may now wish to support our work for the first time? Cheques and money orders should be payable to the Peace With China Council and addressed to our Treasurer, Lady Archibald, at 144, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

STANSGATE RITCHIE CALDER
R. SORENSEN HENRY CARTER

"TWO FRENCHMEN"

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Thomson that, in reviewing his valuable book, I did not make my point sufficiently clear when I quarrelled with his suggestion that it would have been a good thing for the "Resistance" to make peace with the Vichyites at the time of the Liberation. But from what I said later in the review it should be clear what I meant. Since the "Resistance" was predominantly a Left-wing movement, it was obviously impossible for the Resistance *as a whole* to make friends with Vichy; what in theory, but only in theory, was possible in '44 was a reconciliation between Vichy and the Right wing of the Resistance—by which I mean precisely those middle-class elements which to-day constitute, along with the ex-Vichyites, de Gaulle's main support in the R.P.F. If these had joined forces, they would, before long, no doubt have imposed on France just the kind of authoritarian regime that is the aim of the R.P.F. to-day. But this was, in 1944, a psychological and practical impossibility, and this de Gaulle, though essentially a man of the Right by his whole mentality and upbringing, knew perfectly well.

Finally, was it really so "silly" of me to say that, in discussing de Gaulle and Laval, Mr. Thomson "clearly prefers" the latter? Not only does he highly praise Laval's—as distinct from de Gaulle's—"political adroitness and perception," but the de Gaulle half of his book reads at times rather like an indictment, while the Laval half reads like a speech for the defence. For example, is it not a little too charitable to sum up Vichy's policy by the word "obstructionism"? ALEXANDER WERTH

WOMEN'S REBELLION

SIR,—In his criticism of Miss Craigie's radio feature "The Women's Rebellion" Mr. William Salter found the suffragettes repellant and wonders why. Possibly the reason is that they committed that unpardonable sin—they were unwomanly! He wonders what Josephine Butler would have said of their actions—has he forgotten what was said of Josephine Butler? She was as repellant in her day as the suffragettes were later, and as Mary Wollstroncraft was a century and a half earlier. Horace Walpole called her a "hyena in petticoats" after she published her book, "Rights of Woman."

However much one may dislike their method it was the culminating factor which gave women the vote.

Perhaps if those patient women who have asked for equal pay for equal work for so long were to fling to the four winds their niceness and become a nuisance—in fact, become "corybantes"—there might be a better chance of the Government taking their demands seriously and removing this injustice.

The suffragettes may have been fanatics, but surely to win a cause a certain amount of fanaticism is essential. MADGE ALLISON

43 Manchester Road,
Altrincham, Cheshire.

PHILIPPINE REPRESSION

SIR,—At the end of January some forty leading trade unionists and newspapermen were arrested in Manila by the police and by the Military Intelligence Service. This was followed in early February by the mass "round-up" of some five hundred others in Manila and Luzon Provinces. According to the fragmentary information which has leaked through the security curtain rigidly clamped around the Philippine Islands, at least fourteen of the prisoners are still held *incommunicado* in Camp Murphy, a Philippine Army Centre. These include Councillor Amado V. Hernandez, National Chairman of the Congress of Labour Organisation (the Philippine T.U.C.), and a Manila City Councillor; ten other members of the C.L.O. Executive and three newspapermen, one of them the Editor of the *Philippine Herald*.

No charge has been preferred against any of these men; the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended; protests from the C.L.O., from the Manila City Council and from Philippine political parties and others have been ignored by the Quirino Government. Clearly the most ruthless measures which have been and are being directed against the Hukbulahap National Liberation Movement, have proved ineffective; and it seems that the authorities are now widening their campaign by striking at any person or at any organisation that expresses views favourable to Philippine independence or hostile to American domination. It is characteristic of this kind of development that the attack is directed first at the Philippine Labour movement and at the Liberal and Left organs of the press. We would add that Mr. Hernandez is personally known to some of us. We met him during his visit to this country in 1948, when he was a delegate from the Manila City Council and from the C.L.O. to a meeting of the W.F.T.U. We formed the highest opinion of his abilities and of his personal integrity. JOHN PLATT-MILLS

GORDON SCHAFFER D. N. PRITT
W. J. ELLERBY J. JACOBS
M. R. TURNER M. B. PURDIE

WHO SNATCHED ?

SIR,—In your issue of March 31 your Parliamentary correspondent writes: "Jubilant Tories, with three Prayers to be discussed, foresaw further Government defeats. Adroitly, Ede snatched the dreamed victory from their grasp. 'I move,' he said, 'that the House be now adjourned'." In fact, your Parliamentary correspondent adroitly snatched the credit, or discredit, of this manœuvre from Mr. E. Popplewell.

The fact that your own assiduous and vigilant correspondent should have been misled in this matter is the best proof of the surreptitious manner in which the adjournment was moved.

House of Commons. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES.

POETRY FROM BEDS

SIR,—Incited by the news of a forthcoming anthology of "Poetry from Hertfordshire", I am thinking of editing an anthology of "Poetry from Bed", and would be grateful for any information concerning poets of the past and contributions from living poets who were either born in bed, or have written poetry in bed, e.g., Shakespeare, Milton, Sir William Beach Thomas, Shelley, etc., etc.

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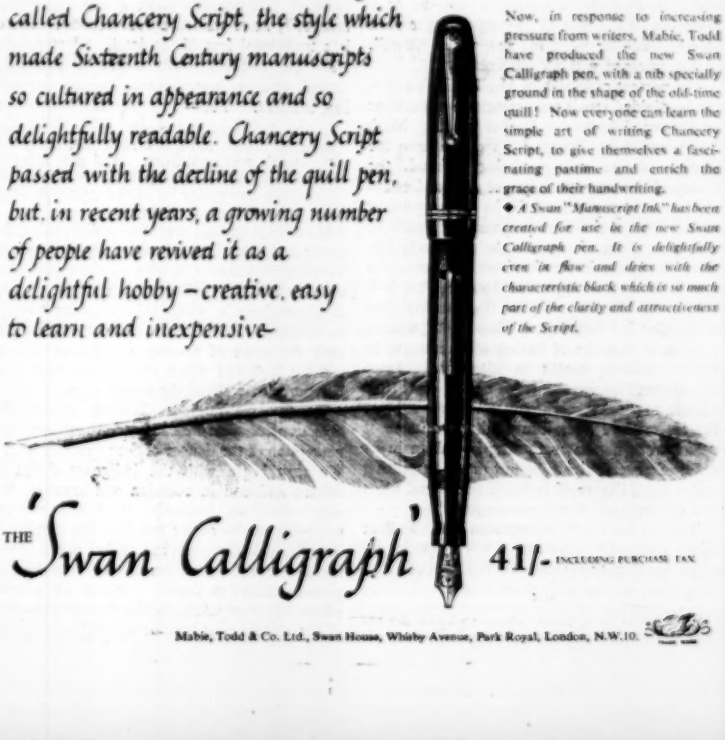

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Books in General

WHAT is the first function of the critic? The reply that comes to mind after reading Mr. Trilling in his important collection of essays **The Liberal Imagination* is that the critic's role is to introduce calm. Not nowadays the calm of an ode on a distant prospect of culture, but a respite closer and more fertilising. In all its aspects, the making of literature has become something of a fight during the last thirty years. The writer has always been narrowed by the fight with himself; he has always been less closely aware of the single sentence he has written than of the dozen rejected ones, the casualties that have hardened the heart. But, in our lifetime, the collapse of a culture and the disorder of society have cost him innumerable doubts about the single sentence itself. He does not know whether he is the last survivor in the trench or the advance member of a reconnaissance party whose radio has—temporarily, he hopes—gone dead. These military metaphors come inevitably to us and, perhaps, they disclose our obsession. We need the critic who brings the white flag, the alert truce, the armistice in which one can consider what one is fighting about or, indeed, whether one is fighting at all. Mr. Trilling is exactly the man to provide this calm, for he has come out of the ideological struggle of the last twenty years stronger and clearer in mind, resolved in his values, positive in curiosity, a grave emissary from humanism, but with a sparkle in his eye. In these last two qualities he is the American at his best; and after European sensuousness, egoism and brilliance, his deliberation is deeply refreshing. Putting aside George Orwell, he is the only writer in English—it seems to me—to have come out of the war of ideologies larger than he was when he went in; and, unlike Orwell, he has emerged without bitterness.

The present collection of Mr. Trilling's essays can be divided into literary criticism—reflections on Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, Kipling, Mark Twain and Scott Fitzgerald; inquiries into the relation of art and psychology—Freud, the theory of the neurotic origin of art—and essays on contemporary culture in its wider political aspects. All of these are pregnant and gracious. The basic point of view can be put briefly like this: liberalism is the dominant and even the sole intellectual tradition in America; but it is unwise for liberals to rejoice that conservatism or reaction is "bankrupt of ideas" for "when a movement despairs of having ideas it turns to force, which it masks in ideology." Since liberals have no opponents "it has for some time seemed to me that a criticism which has at heart the interests of liberalism might find its most useful work not in confirming liberalism in its sense of general rightness but rather in putting under some degree of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the present time."

To one of these assumptions Mr. Trilling turns again and again and it has a special interest for English readers who have noticed how long some of the simpler ideas of the Thirties have survived in American literature, even to the extent of making the contemporary American novel seem more "actual," more "socially conscious," more powerfully concerned with important issues than English novels of the same period. Wistfully the English "socially conscious" novelist must have regarded the American scene with its dramatic domestic stories: clashes of race and religion, dramas of mass poverty and illiteracy in the south, the huge corruption of wealth, the spiritual war in the lives of the immigrant, the reckless individualism which would sooner live out its personal drama whatever the cost, than consider the thoroughly unpicturesque and artistically uninteresting business of dealing with these things practically. They have encouraged a large number of American writers to believe that externals are the only subject and that judgments can be simple. An uncommon amount of energy can be put into the novel, perhaps, because not very much is being done in American society. That, at any rate, is an impression we rightly or wrongly have; and if envy of the dramatic scene turns to boredom at the clichés in which it is often treated, we have to acknowledge that American critics like Mr. Trilling have been enormously enriched by having to take their situation very seriously.

The assumption which Mr. Trilling applies himself to again and again in these essays, is one which the progressive writer in the liberal tradition has been inclined to make about reality. It is the assumption that would regard Dreiser as more "real" than Henry James. A writer on manners, however "grandiose his moral intention"—as Henry James's was in his—is reckoned to be of "no practical value in our impending disaster"; he is stained by subjectivity. There is a traditional fear of the intellect "especially when the intellect works in art, as it ideally should, when its processes are vivacious, interesting, brilliant." For—

> in the American metaphysic, reality is always material reality, hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable and unpleasant. And that mind is alone felt to be trustworthy which most resembles this reality by most nearly reproducing the sensations it affords.

And, in its pragmatic way, this realism succeeds, up to a point. The novelists who practice it have exposed abuses, awakened the conscience, made awareness of evils plainer and have created an atmosphere in which injustice cannot easily be tolerated. The irony is that we are also left with the sense of reading a literature written without love and which is realistic about facts but unrealistic about the moral impulse.

To this realism, Mr. Trilling opposes the objections of what he calls moral realism; "the perception of the danger of the moral life itself." We may begin with the indignant desire to reform and end in coercion and cruelty. We may reject the humanity of to-day for the humanity of the future and, like the heroine of *The Princess Casamassima*, in her political zeal for the "real," we are torn away from the life-giving reality at hand. "Moral indignation which has been said to be the favourite emotion of the middle class may be in itself an exquisite pleasure." This is not to condemn moral indignation but it does suggest "an examination on the grounds on which it ought to be entertained." And that for the last 200 years has been the function of the novelist:

> Its greatness and practical usefulness lay in its unremitting work of involving the reader himself in the moral life, inviting him to put his own motives under examination, suggesting that reality is not as his conventional education has led him to see it. It taught us, as no other genre ever did, the extent of human variety and the value of this variety. It was the literary form to which the emotions of understanding and forgiveness were indigenous, as if by the definition of the form itself. At the moment its impulse does not seem strong, for there never was a time when the virtues of its greatness were so likely to be thought of as weaknesses.
>
> Yet there never was a time when its particular activity was so much needed, was of so much practical, political and social use—so much so that if its impulse does not respond to the need, we shall have reason to be sad not only over a waning form of art but also over our waning freedom.

That is the authentic liberal philosopher. But is the novel a waning form? One of the most suggestive essays of the book discusses this question which has been raised over and over again for a generation and Mr. Trilling puts it in a new and sharper focus. The novel has depended upon the now declining interest in class and money, which enabled us to see individuals in a specialised way. But the moral impulse behind the writing of novels may have exhausted itself:

> Freud said of his own theories that they appealed to him as acting, like the theories of Darwin and Copernicus, to diminish man's pride, and this intention, carried out by means of the discovery and demonstration of man's depravity, has been one of the chief works of the human mind for some 400 years . . . this activity of the mind was a kind of fortitude.

There was always, however, a margain between speculation and proof but now, since the horrors of our time, since Belsen and Buchenwald, there is no margin. The depravity of man is not a matter of speculative debate; it is an absolute fact; "the activity of minds fails before the incommunicability of man's suffering." In this situation Mr. Trilling argues earnestly that the task of the humanist is to "reconstitute the will." And for the novelist the task is to retrieve what James called Romance, "the operative reality of thought and desire." The storyless, formless novel without an author, Sartre's novel which looks exactly like the life "we cannot *not* know," is rejected. Mr. Trilling hangs on strenuously and pragmatically to the human will and rejects the apocalyptical. He thinks, for example, that ideas and ideology could (for the novelist) replace the old and fruitful categories of class. For "ideological society has, it seems to me, nearly as full a range of passion and nearly as complex a system of manners as a society based on social class." I ought to say, since I am telescoping his views, that Mr. Trilling is not proposing that the novel should become didactic allegory; he knows that the ideological world is a sort of demi-monde and he is not proposing to flood us with new versions of *The Pilgrim's Progress*:

> Ideology is not acquired by thought, but by breathing the haunted air. The life in ideology from which none of us can escape is a strange submerged life of habit and semi-habit in which

* *The Liberal Imagination*. Essays on Literature and Society. By LIONEL TRILLING. *Secker & Warburg*. 15*s*

to ideas we attach strong passions, but no clear awareness of the concrete reality of their consequences.

Human nature can be relied upon to ennoble, corrupt and dispose of the notions that it uses and that is the traditional material of the novelist. A great simple example of the novel based on ideological concepts is *Don Quixote*—and that is certainly not less rich than the class and money novels of Balzac or Stendhal.

I have done no more than suggest a few of the ideas in this earnest yet vivacious book. Its tone is masculine, its manner warm, undogmatic and humane, and its arguments spirited and without rancour. His criticism is quiet and firm. For example, replying to the wound-and-bow theory, the simple theory that art springs from neurosis, Mr. Trilling characteristically points out that the genius lies in the mysterious will and energy that subdue the neurosis. Sanity, resource, a remarkable strength of intellect and a tireless disposition to keep the gates of search open, are natural to him. And when he turns from speculation to literature itself, to books of Kipling, Mark Twain, Scott Fitzgerald, his assurance and cleverness turns them to the light once more and we see them dramatically as we had never quite seen them before.

> To know a story when we see one, to know it for a story, to know that it is not reality itself but that it has clear and effective relations with reality—this is one of the great disciplines of the mind.

That is a good answer to Sartre's "foolish business of story telling"; it is also not a bad footnote of the humanist's faith.

V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO BIRMINGHAM SONNETS

OMEN

There is no evidence of a correlation
Between the heavenly bodies', and my own, motion
But I have a superstition about new moons
And I like to see them through plain air, not glass.
Hence at the window of a travelling train
As I was hurried towards a major assignment
I decided to watch for a while the evening sky
And while I looked anxiously at drifting cloud
(The wind blowing hard in my face) I suddenly saw
First the bright tip, and then the salient curve
Of her horn, growing in brilliance on my fixed
Eye, looking north west where I knew she was setting
And I smiled, and she smiled, and over darkened leagues
Was limitless contentment and good augury.

VIEW FROM A WINDOW

I often see those backyards in the rain
Wept for no battle see that feral shape
Come from the house.

On a confused lyre
And monotone I strike the closing note
Womb to what pearl?

If all walls fall away
If all materials peel off wet slate
Glass eye smoke faces of the warping wind
Hunted by half-starved senses ever will
Anything happen?

Ages have gone by
Or seemed like ages in those barren fields
Where coal is heaped under a straggling tree
And feeds no fire.

Persons are indoors
Show no divinity to mine, or tread
No more in chorus the inherited space.

CHARLES MADGE

THE CHURCH OF ROME

Freedom and Catholic Power. By PAUL BLANSHARD. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

The avowed object of this book is at once to indicate and to indict the attitude of the Catholic Church to democracy in general and to American democracy in particular. Hence it is concerned not so much with the religion of the Catholic Church as with that Church's extra-religious activities and in particular with its attitude to the State, to education, medicine, sex, science and the censorship. Mr. Blanshard, points out how, in the name of religion, the Church not only challenges "birth control and liberalised divorce laws in every nation," attempts to instruct "Catholic doctors, nurses, judges, teachers and legislators as to what they can and cannot do," but supports "Catholic dictators like Franco, Peron and Salazar who are opposed to everything that western democracy holds most dear."

The book, then, is a review rather than a history, a review of the conflict between Catholicism and democracy—"that is now in its critical stages." Though emanating from America it is a work of studied moderation. Well aware of the strong feelings which the subject arouses, the prejudging attitude, the rancour and the bias, fearful lest he himself should not be numbered among the few who "are prepared to discuss the problem of Catholic power without prejudice," Mr. Blanshard has sought to make his case by allowing members of the Catholic hierarchy to speak for themselves. Quotation after quotation is taken from Catholic priests and dignitaries describing the policy and procedure of their own Church; Catholic sources are cited for every fact mentioned in the book, and a formidable appendix gives detailed lists of documents, dates and official imprimaturs.

The most cogent testimony to the truth of the book's indictment is provided by its reception. Some portions were first printed as articles in the American *Nation*, whereupon news-stand owners were warned not to handle the journal and Catholic-dominated school boards banned the magazine from school libraries. The ban on *The Nation* in New York City's high-school libraries created a storm in liberal and progressive circles and a number of leading American progressives, including Mrs. Roosevelt, launched a public protest. When we learn that the manuscript of Mr. Blanshard's book was rejected by ten well-known publishers in spite of the fact that the public fuss over the banning of *The Nation* would have ensured a reasonably large sale; that the publishers gave as their reason for rejection "fear of Catholic reprisals"; that only seven daily newspapers ventured to review the book, and that *The New York Times* refused to accept an advertisement for it, it is difficult to resist the temptation of thanking the Catholic hierarchy for providing such gratuitious public confirmation of the validity of Mr. Blanshard's case, and congratulating the American public on having nevertheless purchased no fewer then 120 thousand copies at the price of roughly twenty-five shillings a copy. For as we follow Mr. Blanshard through the copious quotations that he has culled from Papal Bulls, Cardinals, priests and Catholic works—"Our first duty to the public school," writes Father Blakely, S. J., "is not to pay taxes for its maintenance"—it is hard to resist the conclusion that the influence of the Catholic Church in America is increasing and ought to be diminished. At point after point it seems to be prejudicial to human happiness.

Take sex; Catholic thought seems to be pervaded by the view—presumably a legacy from the early Christian Fathers who, believing in the rapidly approaching end of the world, saw no reason to take steps to ensure the continuance of the human race and were accordingly in a position to indulge to the full the celibate's distaste at the thought of sexual pleasure—that sex is wicked and that sexual pleasure is, therefore, a dereliction which ought to be paid for. The children pay, life being the cost of the parents' pleasure which *they* defray, and the parents pay for the children. As Mr. Blanshard aptly puts it, "Children come from God; sexual ecstasy comes from the Devil." It follows that the attempt to enjoy the ecstasy without the children is wicked and birth control methods are denounced. This policy is pursued irrespective of circumstance.

Or take the dual system of truth. What, for example, is the truth about evolution? Mr. Blanshard shows with examples that Catholic "truth" about evolution varies with the education and social status of its recipient. In the upper world of Catholic learning "it is perfectly permissible for a Catholic to believe 'the scientific theory . . . that life has developed from life, with change and specialisation from simple beginnings up to the manifold types now existing.'" At the lower level listen to Father Paul Carroll, a Jesuit biologist, telling us that Catholic teaching must include "'a single pair of progenitors of the human race'" and concluding "'that you are a heretic in a dozen ways if you admit what the world is calling evolution.'"

Mr. Blanshard ends with an expression of hope and a statement of conviction. The hope is that "the institution that has inspired so much devotion and idealism may be divorced from an anti-democratic and an alien system of control"; the conviction, that "if the Catholic people of the world could control their own Church, the Catholic problem would disappear."

Let me conclude by recording the conviction of a layman who believes himself—perhaps we all do this—to be unprejudiced: it is that by careful documentation of matter and studied moderation of manner, Mr. Blanshard has written a most damaging exposure, not of the Catholic religion, but of the enmity of its hierarchy to democracy and of the disastrous effects of their influence in spheres in which the writ of religion does not properly run.

C. E. M. JOAD

PAVLOV

Pavlov: A Biography. By B. P. BABKIN. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Ivan Petrovich Pavlov was born in 1849, and in 1904 became Nobel Prize-winner in medicine for his work on the digestive glands—work which remains the foundation of our knowledge of the physiology of digestion. Thus, by 1904, Pavlov was apparently at the height of his career: an aggressive, irritable, austere but kind man, of moral courage and integrity and with a great power of inspiring love and respect among his many post-graduate pupils. For his public address as prize-winner Pavlov chose the unexpected subject of conditional reflexes (later mistranslated as conditioned), a subject which he then took up and studied with single-mindedness and tenacity for the remaining thirty-two years of his life.

Nearly twenty years earlier Pavlov had made use of the new aseptic surgery, derived from Pasteur and Lister, to make a major innovation in experimental physiology. He showed extraordinary surgical skill in operations which enabled him to study the workings of the digestive tract in unanaesthetised and undrugged animals. He could study quantitatively the secretions produced, for example, by a dog's stomach on the contact of meat with the stomach wall, and he discovered the nerves which stimulate the stomach (and other) glands to secrete. During this work he frequently observed secretion which resulted not from direct contact with food but from the animal's seeing it or smelling it. The study of conditioned reflexes arose from the observation of this "psychic" secretion.

The late Professor Babkin, himself an authority on the physiology of digestion, was a pupil and colleague of Pavlov for ten years and (despite emigration to Canada) a friend for thirty-five. More than half of his book is a personal account of the great man, rather rambling and discursive, but usually objective and with plenty of instructive detail on Pavlov's methods as the most

distinguished exponent of planned team research over a long period.

Babkin's objectivity fails him when he comes to the Soviet regime, since he has a well-developed reflex of foaming at the mouth at the word "bolshevik"; but he is fair enough to describe the remarkable adaptation Pavlov made to post-revolutionary conditions, and Pavlov's eventual wholehearted support for the Soviet government. Babkin has a nostalgia for Czarism and is a theist (there is a whole sub-chapter on Pavlov's regrettable habit of swearing); and Pavlov's notorious views on religion as "socially conditioned reflexes" (perhaps intended rather to shock than to make a serious contribution to social psychology), are barely mentioned.

The general reader will get most out of the first part. In the remaining 120 pages there is an excellent but rather technical account of the early work on the heart nerves and on digestion, and a surprisingly short and difficult section on conditioned reflexes. Why is Pavlov so great a name in the history of biology, and how did he come to be one of the few scientists whose name and work are familiar to laymen? Technically, he introduced a *method* of great power into the experimental study of brain function, in particular of the working of the "highest" part of the brain, the cerebral cortex. But the conditioned reflex method was more than an additional laboratory tool: it represented an attitude towards the problems of consciousness and behaviour. Here was a purely physiological, mechanistic approach to matters hitherto the province of philosophers and speculative psychologists, one in which all interpretations were in terms of stimulus and response and occult qualities such as mind and will were rejected. Such an approach was perhaps inevitable in an age of the machine, and it had an iconoclastic quality which fitted well with the thought of the early part of the century. Scientifically, though it was a major development, it was an over-simplification which is now being corrected along several lines of study. Unfortunately Professor Babkin fails, just where a clear statement would be most valuable, to give an adequate, general account of conditioned reflexes, their significance and limitations.

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THE ROCK DRILL

The Letters of Ezra Pound. Edited by D. D. PAIGE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The Letters of Ezra Pound are a pedagogic volcano. One of the finest poets of his time, his gift was indissolubly linked with the function of prophet and teacher. He could not create without at the same time teaching and he could not teach except as a product of creation. (He writes: "It's all rubbish to pretend that art isn't didactic. A revelation is always didactic.") He is a double-barrelled genius of simultaneous action. But whereas his teaching is volcanic, his creation is a highly disciplined discharge.

As literary history these Letters are of first-class importance. You see him hammering away, in letter after letter at the reluctant Harriet Monroe, editor of the American magazine *Poetry*. This was mainly during the years of World War I. It was his object to purge, as far as lay in his power, this important "little magazine" of what was second-rate and parochial. His rock-drill action is impressive: he blasts away tirelessly, prodding and coaxing its mulish editress. His action, of course, was not confined to "Poetry." He directed a fire from his strategic position in London upon all the archaistic *slush*, as he called it, produced by the song-birds of his native land. I do not say that it was single-handed that he effected a prosodic purgation, but he certainly contributed very largely to an up-to-date standard of verse-writing in that country.

The main character of this renaissance (the term he would use in writing to John Quinn) was an evolution from soft to hard. "Imagism stands," he writes, "for hard light, clear edges." And Imagism was the official name of his doctrine. In a letter to Harriet Monroe he catalogues what is needed as follows:

> Poetry must be *as well written as prose* . . . departing in no way from speech save by a heightened intensity. There must be no book words, no periphrases, no inversions. It must be as simple as de Maupassant's best prose, and as hard as Stendhal's. . . . Rhythm must have meaning. It can't be merely a careless dash off, with no grip and no real hold to the words and sense, a tumpy tum tumty tum tum ta. There must be no cliches, set phrases, stereotyped journalese. The only escape from such is by precision. . . . Objectivity and again objectivity . . . no hindside-beforeness, no straddled adjectiveness (as "addled mosses dank"), no Tennysonianness of speech; nothing—nothing that you couldn't, in some circumstance, in the stress of some emotion, actually say.

Elsewhere he speaks of the "hardness bred by reading Dante, or . . . Aquinas." Add this indication of the source of his own hardness, at all events, and with the above catalogue you have the core of his teaching. How to-day's great novelty is to-morrow's commonplace! For every injunction you have just read was extremely necessary at the time it was written, but to-day they represent a *sine qua non* of every writer's equipment, although naturally the disciplines imposed, more especially the *hardness* enjoined by Pound and others, have been rejected by many. People always tend to sink back into the "slush" from which they are periodically dragged with so much difficulty.

Dante we have seen him indicate as a teacher of the "hard edge," of precision. But nineteenth-century French poetry, and indeed the whole of French poetry from the seventeenth century onwards, was possibly a greater influence than any other for Pound and Eliot in his earlier verses. In his defence, when attacked as leader of the international school, by Williams on behalf of the *echt Americanisch* school, Pound writes: "I sent over French models, which have given six hundred people a means of telling something nearer the truth than they would have done senza." Note *French* models. Théophile Gautier, Tristan Corbière, Jules Laforgue are masters of concise statement, of the natural in contrast with the poetic, and some knowledge of them and other French *petit-maîtres* is necessary for an understanding of how French techniques and intellection were substituted, both in the U.S. and in England, for nineteenth-century English romanticism. In the case of Mr. Eliot, his critical writings switched the contemporary English mind back from the early nineteenth century to the seventeenth and eighteenth, from the emotional romantic lyricism of Shelley and Keats to the "harder" rational texture of such as Dryden and Crabbe.

The enormous influence, to my mind for the good, exerted by Ezra Pound, can be most clearly seen in his effect upon Mr. Eliot, and also upon W. B. Yeats. The extent to which Pound influenced the former is generally recognised; but the fact that Yeats's last period would probably never have occurred without Ezra Pound's promptings is, I think, not understood, and these Letters should be very suggestive in that connection.

The tone of the Letters almost from the beginning is authoritative, not to say pontificatory. It is a rather strange tone for the author of *Cathay*, some might think. But if we remember that the voice of the Bull Moose president resounded in his ears in his young days, it is perhaps less to be wondered at that Ezra himself should have wished to wield the "Big Stick" (*cf.* page 179); that we should hear him saying on page 187, "I cannot be expected to keep up sufficient interest in the state of public imbecility to go on being 'astringent' perpetually." So Ezra when he put on the prophet's robe borrowed the voice of the Bull Moose; but it echoes playfully in these letters, and it is, I believe, a fact that he never lost his temper, at least not publicly. Amy Lowell, it is true, did succeed in shaking the ivory tower once or twice, especially when she persisted in employing the term Imagiste, whereas Vers Libre was the appropriate word in her case. But although the tower shook, Ezra was still laughing at the top of it. Really one of his major assets has been this equanimity; he has not read his Chinese philosophers for nothing.

This book can be of no interest to anyone but a writer. It is a craftsman speaking throughout about his craft, and the single-minded concentration is magnificent. They are the shoppiest letters it is possible to imagine, unless Cézanne had been a very intelligent and literate painter, when we might have had something of the same sort. There is probably no finer translator in the English language, and the dozen or so pages of his notes on Binyon's translation of the "Purgatorio" is of great interest. An eventual edition of all his letters should be one of the finest craft books that we have.

After World War I Ezra Pound left England, cursing: he apparently attempted to settle in Paris, but he did not seem to get on there, although he learned to play the bassoon. In February 1925 he settled in Rapallo; there he lived until American soldiers took him away to Genoa in 1944. The letters of the Rapallo period are, in isolation, even finer than those of the English period, but at Rapallo he was not building a "renaissance": that had been built. The Letters are full of elaborations of earlier statements; they have not the dramatic *élan* of the pioneer hacking his way through the bush. Usury lifts its ugly head: economics, not heard of before, become a major interest.

This greatest living American exile apparently did not realise that politics were a different dimension from literature, and now they have him boxed up in the nation's capital, *echt Americanisch* by habitat perforce: he will hardly regain his freedom, once more to sing and scold by the Latin Sea, alas! WYNDHAM LEWIS

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UNHAPPY HUNTING GROUND

The Nation's Pictures. Edited by ANTHONY BLUNT and MARGARET WHINNEY. *Chatto.* 18*s.*

It is unlikely that all the books which are being published with an eye to our visitors will outlast the year. We have chosen a season of ephemeral delights, of rosy spectacles and mirrors that flatter us shamelessly, and no doubt we shall get them all. The process of taking stock and preparing ourselves for inspection presents opportunities nevertheless for several publications of lasting value, and one of them at least has not gone unregarded. In default of a rational organisation of our picture galleries, a reasonable book about them is certainly needed, and this *The Nation's Pictures* sets out to provide. The intention, evidently, was admirable, but in the execution reasoning seems to have faltered. This is plainly a book for the general reader; one can imagine the publisher's directive and his anxiety lest the scholarly editorship admit anything so specialised or systematic as to frighten his prey.

In fact the distinction between the serious and the popular, which haunts the rest of art publishing, is in a case of this kind misconceived. The only difference of consequence to the reader, however much or little he knows about pictures, is in the possibility or otherwise of tracing a picture that he would like to see. He needs simply information, in plenty and without padding, as conveniently arranged and as well indexed as wit can contrive. Instead *The Nation's Pictures* provides, in the first place, the beginnings of an excellent history of public collecting, followed by pages of description contributed from the galleries of the country, so much prose indeed that it sometimes seems as if the only substantial information that will emerge is concerning the literary attainments of municipal curators, attainments which are modest in the extreme. Finally there is an index so incomplete that here it is probably worse than no index at all. *The Nation's Pictures* is a disappointment, and one which is the sadder for the distinguished auspices under which the book appears.

One is driven back on the incidental pleasures that the book affords. Messrs. Rothenstein and Peacock, who take their literary obligations seriously, contribute a charming essay on the Tate. There are some nice examples of municipal discretion: at Glasgow, for example, the controversy regarding the origin of "St. Victor and a Donor" has been resolved by hanging the picture in a room devoted to works of all schools. Even more discreet, and full of importance to the historian, are the omissions from the present lists. Among them are the pictures which would have taken a leading place as recently as twenty years ago. Manchester's "Last Watch of Hero," Glasgow's "Two Strings to Her Bow," Birmingham's "Martyr of the Sixteenth Century" and a host of others, the fruit of annual aldermanly pilgrimages in quest of the picture of the year, all or nearly all are gone. If they appear at all it is as shameful relics of the bad old days. It is the last chapter in an epic story, the rise and fall of English narrative painting. When the whole is written it will make curious reading. In its prosperous prime, enjoying a support as general and prodigal as painting anywhere ever received, the great machine tottered and crumbled, undermined solely by the inexorable logic of stylistic decay. It fell, and yet for a time it hardly seemed as if the public eye that feasted on it had noticed the collapse. It was left to war and the activities of an enlightened minority to remove the remains from view by force. The disappearance, still by no means complete, has passed without any other comment than the blast that came, a year or two ago, from the invaded ramparts of the Chantrey Bequest, manned by the successors of the painters themselves. The public for pictorial narrative is unaffected; from aldermen downwards, it has joined the queue round the corner for another kind of pictures, to enjoy the same play of fantasy, by turns sumptuous and perverse, from the comfort of a tip-up seat.

No painting is immune from this decay. Even the contemporary styles represented among the plates of *The Nation's Pictures* can hardly escape it. The next shift of taste will infallibly bring, with new painting, a new aspect to the surface of our public collections. From it we may hope for, too, a better book than this.

LAWRENCE GOWING

PRIVATE FACES

The Marx Brothers. By KYLE CRICHTON. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Marx family were no different from any other impoverished New York German-Jewish family. Their story sounds like Clifford Odets without the politics—behind with the rent, neighbours crowding in, the boys joining street gangs, papa useless at business but a wonderful cook, rich Uncle Al (latter half of that timeless song "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean"), and of course Mom. It was Mom, whom they all called Minnie, the traditional dauntless, large-hearted Mom who kept the family alive. She saw to papa's affairs, put the boys in jobs, rescued them when rescue was needed, and eventually welded them together into a vaudeville act. Nor did it stop there; when the act showed signs of collapsing she joined it, oblivious to the damage her singing voice did. They toured the south, they toured the west. For fifteen years Chicago was their base, and in that time they touched bottom so often that any sane woman would have thrown in the sponge. But Minnie Marx was more than traditional, she was in the process of becoming a tradition, and nothing could stop her. Piece by piece The Mascots or The Nightingales became The Marx Brothers. Harpo acquired his wig and motor horn, Chico his accent, Groucho his moustache and cigar, Zeppo—well, Zeppo kept the girls happy and sang. Finally they went into a fifth-rate musical comedy, fitfully financed by a Pennsylvania coal merchant and named, nobody knew why, *I'll Say She Is*. They toured for a year, alternately rolling 'em in the aisles and emptying the theatre. In New York, where they had fallen foul of the local theatrical dictator, they opened with little hope and less public interest; two hours later, when the curtain came down, they were established once and for all as the finest comic team in show business. Minnie's years of work were justified. They rewarded her, with strange accuracy, by making her the central butt of all their clowning. She is perennially fixed in every Marx Brothers film, the rich widow, the indignant matron, Mrs. Dukesbury, who motivates the plot and ends up fired from a cannon.

Kyle Crichton's biography is slapdash and maddeningly vague about dates; it is also oddly arranged, three-quarters of the book being devoted to the necessarily repetitive early failures. Nevertheless it fills in the background and tells some good stories. What emerges most clearly is the curious fact which the recent biography of W. C. Fields also suggested: that brilliant comedians, far from building up a grotesque personality for the public's benefit and ordering their private lives differently, seem to put over on the stage or screen a picture of themselves which is very little distorted. Groucho, it appears, really *is* that mixture of sardonic cynicism and shifty cowardice that we have got to know; Harpo is mad and appealing in just the way he pretends; Chico is tough and ebullient and sure of himself off as well as on. It seems obvious once you have thought of it, but it cuts the ground smartly from under those critics who for years have seen in the Marx Brothers a consciously satirical genius, a *weltanschauung* based on observation and deduction. Now one can see that the *welt* is an inner one: the destructive urge, the insults, the glorious flouting of cause and effect, the ambiguous dealings with authority, the shameless changing of sides, all these mirror

In Nigeria a textile machine goes into action. A British Insurance Company covered its journey to West Africa, covers it through its working life, covers the new factory and all its staff. A new-born industry is safely cradled!

a family situation which had crystallised during the long years in which they worked and were defeated together. What cannot be explained is the talent. It is clear that for years they had virtually no gift whatever for the job they had taken on. Then talent began to settle on them like dust; what caused it or why is impossible to tell, but they have never shaken it off.

FRANK HAUSER

NEW NOVELS

The Case of Comrade Tulayev. By VICTOR SERGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Father Goose. By CHAPMAN MORTIMER. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Night Journey. By ALBERT J. GUERARD. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One of the lessons to be learnt from the political turmoils of the last few decades is that Socialism is a system of government that human beings are not yet good enough to deserve. This is a bearable fact. What is less easily borne, because it has more to do with stupidity than with wickedness, is the satisfaction with which the majority of Western people have welcomed the degradation and failure of this idealistic experiment wherever it has been made. Tragedy becomes a harrowing farce when its victims congratulate themselves on their downfall in the belief that it is their salvation.

Victor Serge, who died seven years ago, may be counted among those who regard the failure of the ideals of the Russian Revolution as an immense tragedy; but unlike many other believers he does not seem to have allowed the disappointment of his faith to have become a matter of wounded *amour-propre*; he did not become an embittered anti-Communist. *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* is a restrained lament, a moving elegy, and not, mercifully, another indictment. Its tone is optimistic. Serge kept alive in himself and communicates in this book the enthusiasm that progressive people used to feel about the Russian renaissance before moral and international issues complicated, and in some cases altered, their attitude. His most sympathetic character, Kiril Rublev, an historian and one of the original revolutionaries, seems often to be his mouthpiece; and Rublev, condemning the counter-revolution, writes this hopeful statement just before his execution for treason:

> On the eve of our disappearance we do not reckon up the balance of a disaster, we bear witness to the fullness of a victory which encroached too far upon the future and asked too much of men. . . .

It must not be supposed that Serge was indifferent to the barbarities committed in the name of the Party; he was obviously appalled by them, for his humanity is evident on every page; but he made the effort, now rarely made, to relate them to the special conditions of the country in which they take place, and, without condoning them, to understand them with the impartiality of an historian and psychologist.

Serge's great book, completed in Mexico in 1942, has been admirably translated from the French by Willard R. Trask. The Comrade Tulayev of the title is a high party official, and his assassination in 193– by a young Communist, who, disapproving of Tulayev's repressive measures, shoots him on a sudden impulse and escapes, is the incident upon which the plot of the book is constructed. Since a scapegoat has to be found, the assassination is made the pretext for an extensive Purge. One by one the suspects are selected and arrested: they include members of the Central Committee, former associates of "the Chief," a Trotskyist, and the intellectual of the Party, the historian Kiril Rublev. In successive chapters Serge enters into the minds of these victims, both before and after their arrest, and traces their role in the revolutionary movement; and this enables him to describe and account for the success of the bureaucratic counter-revolution which is his main subject and the burden of his lament, and to explain, and explain very convincingly, the peculiar loyalty that persuaded the "traitors" to confess to crimes of which they were not guilty. From time to time, in Serge's interpretation of his various characters, one is made uneasy by a sentimentality that too readily perceives in the ruthless a secretly anguished soul to which an appeal can be made; the lonely suffering of "the Chief," for instance, though a poetic thought, is rather overdone and may even be the projection of a sensitive man who was not able to imagine the pride of insensitivity. But this fault is preferable to its opposite, and does not reduce by much the impressive stature of the novel.

Father Goose is also a novel and an utterly dissimilar one. But to describe it more precisely is difficult. Perhaps it might be called a fairy-tale for adults on and around the subject of sacred and profane love. Two separate stories are linked together by being told to the same audience, three white men, in the same place, an Indian plain, on the same day; and the snores and witticisms of Father Goose, a giant "over twelve feet high—sometimes more than that" interrupt them both. An Indian who walks sideways tells the first story. It is about a love potion carelessly dispensed and a cow's unreciprocated passion for a man. The second is started by a faqir who lives at the bottom of a well and finished by the well itself, and tells of magic and superstition, love and jealousy, in an Indian village. The enchanting flavour of Mr. Mortimer's nonsense is incommunicable; though containing some of the inconsequence of dreams it is not surrealist; it owes little to Lewis Carroll and nothing to Kafka; near to its likeness, if one ignores its wit and intellectuality, are those fanciful imaginings of children in which the rules of reality are made to serve the interests of entertainment and are broken quite arbitrarily. Mr. Mortimer writes a beautiful prose and evokes the India of the peasant communities in a magical way. There are sentences in his book that Flaubert might have been pleased to have written. His newspaper-length paragraphs are his only crude effects. A word must be said in praise of the pleasing appearance, print, and leading of this book.

Night Journey is also a kind of nonsense; and it, too, is difficult to describe, but for a different reason: its destination is dark. In an unnamed European country, in time to come, during an undeclared war, Paul Haldan, an unhappy American, embarks on a mission with a father-figure and betrays him. Upset by this he deserts and goes on another mission in search of his childhood innocence. The novel is divided into five unequal parts, alternatively entitled *As I saw it* and *Paul Haldan*. A military interrogator reports on Haldan's case in the former: the latter contains Haldan's exhaustive and unbelievably prosy oral confessions. More absurd than the symbolical structure of the story is the grand inflated style of the writing, with its mock Eliot portentousness and its American cant. "Most of all, I suppose," the Nestorian interrogator affirms near the beginning, "I want to prove that the story of an individual can still have some meaning in our century."

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

MIRABEAU AGAIN

Mirabeau: A Study of a Democratic Monarchist. By OLIVER J. G. WELCH. *Cape.* 18*s.*

It used to be Robespierre who had a fresh biography every year; now it is Mirabeau. No doubt the present turmoil of French politics, and of politics everywhere, accounts for it. As Mr. Welch explains, "Mirabeau fought for an equal citizenship under the historic monarchy." If he had had his way, the authority of the Crown would have been preserved; France would have escaped a decade of revolution and a century and a half of political instability. There is really not much in these regrets. The historic French monarchy perished with the fall of the Bastille; Mirabeau did little more than lament over its

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fragments. In any case, the revolution was a great deal more than a political struggle; and the dramatic debates in the Assembly were remote from the profound social upheaval that was taking place all over France. If Mirabeau had lived, it would have made no difference. To have taken his advice at all, then Louis would have been a very different man: the revolution would never have started in the form it took, and Louis would not have needed the advice. Besides, was there any real sense in the policy which Mirabeau sporadically advocated? Was a strong historic monarchy conceivable in the atmosphere of eighteenth-century philosophy? Even in England limited monarchy was possible only after a King's head had been cut off; and there was precious little historic in the House of Hanover. The one sensible and moderate proposal in the early days of the French revolution was to start again with the Duke of Orleans as William of Orange; and there was not much sense even in that. The French monarchy was too great, too historic, to be able to survive limitation or reform.

In short, Mirabeau is of little interest as a political thinker. His claim to a place in history is as the first of the Tribunes who have made their voices sound through French history; the first Frenchman to achieve fame by his parliamentary speeches; and also the first Frenchman to be buried in the Pantheon (to say nothing of being the first to be thrown out again). When it comes to the point Mr. Welch forgets that he is studying a democratic monarchist and writes the dramatic biography of a striking individual. More than half the book is devoted to Mirabeau's life before the revolution. All the family squabbles, the literary scandals, the endless love-affairs, are told again. They are told well. All the same one is tempted to borrow a phrase from Mr. Welch's preface and, thinking of all the previous biographies of Mirabeau, to ask "need it have been so?" A. J. P. TAYLOR

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. TCHAIKOVSKY: No. 5, E minor (La Scala Orch/Cantelli. DB 21187-91). This is not only the best available version, but a strikingly fine recording, which accommodates comfortably the hefty tutti in the first and last movements. Cantelli gives a straightforward reading, marred by none of the affectations in which Celibadache (Decca) indulges. At the same time, his conducting lacks neither passion nor sensibility. DVORAK: No. 4, G major (New York Phil Sym/Walter. LX 1365-8). Bruno Walter takes a brisk view of this innocent, warm-hearted symphony. The performance is very brilliant, with plenty of bass; but there is a certain lack of immediacy (especially in the brass), the woodwind detail tends to get lost, and the strings are rather strident. With all these faults, however, I prefer this set both to the Kubelik (H.M.V.), which is odiously recorded, and to the Cameron (Decca), which is respectable but lustreless. MOZART: No. 36, C major K 425 ("Linz") (Vienna Phil/Böhm); No. 25, G minor, K 183 (L.P.O./Celibadache) (*LXT 2558). MOZART: No. 36 (Ditto); No. 29, A major, K 201 (Suisse Romande Orch/Maag. *LXT 2562). The second of these couplings is greatly preferable to the first, for the simple reason that in it both performances are on the whole excellent, whereas Celibadache's conduct of the little, but very serious, G minor Symphony is heavy and styleless. The "Linz" goes admirably until the Finale, which might have been more tautly handled.

Concertos. CHOPIN: No. 2, F minor (Ballon/L.S.O./Ansermet. *LX 3035). I should have been more surprised at Ansermet's allowing himself to be associated with this deplorable affair, if his own very perfunctory conducting had not betrayed an almost total lack of sympathy with the work. Miss Ellen Ballon is technically proficient enough, but poetry is evidently not her forte and at no point in her performance does she show any real understanding of what the music is about. VIVALDI: Oboe Concerto, D minor, (Goossens/Philharmonia/Süsskind. DX 8367-8). If it were not high treason nowadays to say a word against minor eighteenth-century music, I should be tempted to describe this concerto as very commonplace. However, the set can fortunately be recommended to those whose particular tipple happens to be Vivaldi, for the performance and recording are excellent. The fill-up, an Allegro from a concerto by Albinoni, is musically rather more individual.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet. *LXT 2563). One of the finest recordings that have come my way for some time. Ansermet's interpretation (as we should expect) has neither the weight and solidity of Van Beinum's (Decca SP), nor the almost hysterical excitement of Monteux's (H.M.V. SP); but it is admirably lucid and controlled, the sound texture is always beautiful, and many of the movements have a mysterious power that I miss in the other versions. DEBUSSY: *La Mer* (Philharmonia Orch/Galliera DX 1726-8). Despite a first-class recording, this is a most disappointing issue. We hear more of the actual notes than ever before on disc, but Galliera makes strangely little of them: he does not appear to have *seen* what Debussy saw so vividly; the themes have no warmth of tone; the tall spaces, the sudden hostilities, of the ocean are not conveyed. Though not ideally thrilling, the Ansermet set (Decca) is distinctly preferable. DUKAS: *L'Apprenti Sorcier* (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Jorda. AX 437-8). This excellent set is in no way inferior to the LP of the same performance issued not long ago. The fill-up is the *Danse Slave* from Chabrier's *Le Roi malgré lui*. ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: *La Boutique Fantasque* (LSO/Ansermet. *LXT 2555). Since he first conducted the ballet, Ansermet's musicianship has deepened in sensibility, but his bâton has lost a little of its old vitality. This performance is therefore occasionally deficient in sheer go, but in nothing else that is needed to fulfil either the spirit or the letter of the genial music. The recording is excitingly faithful. ADAM: *Giselle*—Ballet Suite (Covent Garden Orch/Irving. C 7834-5). This selection, which confines itself to numbers from Act 1, is not the same as that recorded by Constant Lambert (Col), although three of the movements appear in both sets. The Lambert issue remains a double-star recording, and so is this one. I prefer Mr. Irving's more affectionate handling of the Mad Scene, but elsewhere I should give the palm to Mr. Lambert. SHOSTAKOVICH: *The Lady Macbeth of Mstensk*—"The Drunks at the Wedding"; "Burying the Corpse"; "The Ghost Disappears" (Janssen Sym Orch/Janssen. CK 51004). Though rather scrappy, this record may interest readers who are curious about the opera, which I suspect is a work of the same order as Menotti's *The Consul*. Without either the scenic effect or the choral parts, there does not seem much point in the noisily contrapuntal brawl (though the fugue has a good subject); but the ghost music is effectively eery and even beautiful. The recording is not at all bad. BACH: Cantata No. 42—Sinfonia (London Chamber Orch/Bernard. C 4069). This grave and lovely interlude is a wonderful example of Bach's genius for evoking a scene—in this case the quiet descent of evening. The performance and recording are most beautiful. MENDELSSOHN: Overture—*Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage; A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Scherzo (Philharmonia Orch/Kubelik. C. 7836-7). A significant phrase from this attractive and almost neglected overture was, if you remember, quoted by Elgar in the last but one of his *Enigma* Variations. The work has much of the charm of the *Hebrides* Overture, but, although it is conducted with a nice appreciation of all its points, the recording is not well managed and the tutti distort badly. The fill-up is in every respect excellent—easily the best available version of the Scherzo. NICOLAI: *Merry Wives of Windsor*—Overture (LPO/

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Company Meeting

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SIR CHARLES COLSTON ON NEED FOR ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT

The annual general meeting of Hoover Limited was held on April 2nd, 1951, at Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

The following is an extract from the annual review of the chairman and managing director, Sir Charles Colston, C.B.E., M.C., D.C.M., which had been circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended December 31st, 1950:—

We have made important advances in every section of our activities, both at home and abroad. During 1950 we succeeded in surpassing the remarkable results of 1949, easily the record year in the history of the company up to that time. The expansion of our business during the year was larger than ever. In 1950 our turnover was seven times as large as in 1938, our record year before the war.

Our sales in Great Britain of electric cleaners have continued to forge ahead. In spite of the steep rises in wages, materials and services, the prices of Hoover electric cleaners have been kept down, and, apart from purchase tax, are still less than 10 per cent. above pre-war prices. We have continued our policy of giving priority to export orders. As a result we have to our regret been compelled to disappoint our dealers at home in regard to deliveries. The remarkable progress which we have made is based on a sure foundation because we constantly give better and bigger value to our customers. We are proud of our success in improving the quality of our electric cleaners and at the same time reducing the price relative to the level of wages, materials and services.

The smooth, efficient organisation of our service department is one of the corner-stones of the success of our business.

A World Winner

The expansion in the production and sale of Hoover electric washing machines continued very vigorously during the past year. Our turnover of washing machines at home and overseas is now more than double the total turnover of our business in our peak pre-war year. This is indeed a remarkable achievement as we only began manufacturing the washing machine in 1948. The Hoover washing machine is suitable for almost every home in the country. It is small in dimensions, but does a big wash, and does it quickly and with the highest efficiency.

F.H.P. Motor Developments.—As you know we are manufacturing fractional horse-power motors in the Scottish Development Area. I am glad to be able to report satisfactory progress in this section of our business.

The Hoover Washing Machine Company in South Wales and the Hoover Electric Motor Company in Scotland constitute important enterprises which we have built up in these development areas. These undertakings are on a solid and permanent basis, be the times good or bad.

I may also record very satisfactory progress at our High Wycombe factory where we are manufacturing Dustettes and various industrial products such as plastic commutators and switches.

I am happy to inform you of the proposed launching of the new Hoover electric floor polisher on the export market although it may be some time before we release it to the home market. I am confident that its standard of performance will fully maintain the Hoover reputation for quality.

Export Progress

I think the company may take pride in its export achievements. We have laid down the policy that exports must have priority over home orders. Our first duty is to build up strong stable markets abroad for our products.

We have succeeded in expanding cleaner exports by 65 per cent. and our washing machine exports are two and a half times as great in 1950 as in 1949. Overall in 1950 we exported more than 40 per cent. of total production and for the first two months of 1951 it is 53 per cent.

Particularly noteworthy is the increase of our exports to the Continent of Europe. Freer trade has been one of the potent factors in the economic revival on the Continent. Hoover Limited has made the most vigorous efforts to expand its European business, and I am glad to say that our total exports to the Continent in 1950 increased by about 100 per cent. over the previous year.

We are doing business with 59 countries. Our exports have been rapidly increased during the last few years. The expansion of our subsidiaries abroad has been impressive. Their sales in 1950 were nearly double our total sales, including exports, before the war.

Policy of Expansion

To enable the company to meet the ever-increasing world demand for its products profits have been consistently ploughed back to a considerable extent. As the result of the continued expansion of the business, our consolidated profit has increased from the record total for 1949 of £1,719,000 to a new record of £2,475,000. Of this profit no less a sum than £927,000 was earned by our overseas companies, itself two and a half times our total pre-war profit. Our total turnover was more than seven times as much as in 1938, and our profit has increased in about the same proportion. The company's activities are more widely based. The larger scale of our operations has enabled us to secure important economies which have been passed on to our customers in the form of still better value. These achievements are the result of our policy of extending the range of our products and developing numerous export markets. This policy has involved large capital expenditure over a period of years and very real risks of loss. Our new ventures have proved successful, and the board consider that our shareholders are entitled to a share in this success in the form of increased dividends. Our rulers should encourage the spirit of industrial adventure, not subdue it with threats of compulsory dividend limitation and high rates of profits tax. The board have decided to recommend a final dividend of 1s. 1½d., less tax, on each ordinary stock unit. Together with the interim dividend this amounts to the equivalent of 1s. 6d., less tax, on each ordinary stock unit. On the basis of the above distribution the "A" ordinary shareholders are entitled to receive a dividend of 2s. 1.0065d, less tax, per "A" ordinary share. The additional reward to our senior executives which this distribution represents, is more than justified having regard to their strenuous and successful exertions on behalf of the company.

I have often stressed the importance of incentives for all those engaged in industry. The company is constantly endeavouring to develop various payment-by-result and incentive schemes as widely as possible. I am glad to say that every person on the staff of the company is included, in one form or another, in our incentives scheme. The cost involved has been fully justified by the greater efforts and the better results obtained. The striking progress which the company is continuing to make is due to fine teamwork on the part of all our departments and the splendid team spirit which we have succeeded in creating.

The Future

Provided there is no general war I think we may look forward to the future with sober confidence. To the extent that we are required to join in the rearmament programme we would welcome the opportunity to do our part.

What is it that keeps this company in the forefront? We have grand products, but primarily our success is due to the men who constitute the company. I believe that investment in men is better than investment in bricks and mortar. We have a united and enthusiastic team. We are determined to preserve our youthfulness of spirit and the insistent urge always to do better. This is the spirit which I have endeavoured to instil in every part of our great organisation. It is the spirit which is needed in every section of British industry at the present time.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Boult. DB 21223). The tone throughout the slow introduction is so beautiful that it is very annoying to be obliged on the whole to condemn this issue; but the effect of gross over-recording in the main body of the overture is unbearable. In any case, Sir Adrian conducts the piece in too straightforward a manner. Since the more stylish Krips version (Col) is also none too well recorded, I have no alternative but to refer readers to the old, but still delightful Beecham disc (Col). SUPPÉ: *Poet and Peasant*—Overture (Philadelphia Orch/Ormandy. LX 1369). This is a warm, vivacious performance, and the tone in the quiet sections is extremely agreeable. But—once again—modern recording does not seem to have solved the problem of dealing with *al fresco* orchestration so that it shall sound tolerable in a room: it is all much too near, and at the end one feels as if a china cupboard had come down on one's head. The NSO Sargent version, chilly as it is, is less of a strain on the ear. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Vienna Blood* Waltz (LSO/Krips. X 415). A brilliant record, much more satisfactory than the Karajan disc, which was not among the best of his Strauss waltzes. *(To be concluded)*

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,102

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Every gardener is familiar with the luscious and whimsical type of flower description favoured by certain authors—e.g., "This tulip lifting her skirts like a ballet-dancer. . . ." "These jolly little fellows, the dwarf bearded iris. . . ." Competitors are invited to submit descriptions in this style (including details of cultivation) of the dandelion, onion, spring cabbage, groundsel, bindweed or privet. Limit, 150 words. Entries by April 17th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,099

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to submit epigrams in four lines of rhymed verse on a Movable Easter.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

As is usual with this kind of competition, hundreds of bright ideas were produced, neatly turned, and there is only room to print a handful. Less usual is to find one among them which quite over-tops the rest. But I hope even the losers may agree that Mr. Cheeseman's entry, the first quoted, is quite exceptionally neat, and I recommend him for a first prize of two guineas. I divide the rest of the prize money as eight consolation prizes of half a guinea each to those marked with an asterisk.

Content yourselves, you tidy-minded men
To let the heavenly guided moon say when,
And thank your stars that Easter isn't yet
Just known as "E" Day and controlled by "Met."
B. R. CHEESEMAN

* "Of finding Easter we've abandoned hope."
So spake the cardinals. "The date's not provable."
"Leave it to me; I'll fix it," said the Pope,
And made it movable.
LESLIE JOHNSON

* Pagan and Christian in the Spring unite,
Doctrine and Myth embrace without dismay,
The Church makes all arrangements for the rite,
But leaves the Moon Goddess to name the day.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The Saxon Goddess celebrates
Her festival on different dates:
Apparently the world approves
The way the Pagan Lady moves.
A. M. SAYERS

Tell me not, in Golden Numbers,
How to reckon Easter Day;
Spring, so jealous of her slumbers,
Pleads (so please her!)—Early May.
W. F. OWTRAM

The Holy Babe was born in straw-strewn manger,
(This the first record in the Christian fable).
But mark the end—what story could be stranger?
For Easter now is anything but stable.
W. J. HALLIDAY

* Each year our Easter moves about
In search of wetter days, no doubt;
And since success is far from nix, it
Would please a lot of us to fix it. ALLAN M. LAING

* Attis, awaking from his winter's dream,
Gave Easter's date to Phrygia and Gaul;
Should rootless moderns meddle with a scheme
Observed by Pliny and approved by Paul?
J. R. TILL

Let Easter learn what Christmas teaches—
Consistency is what *she* preaches.
Why then should wayward moons decide
Inconstant dates for Eastertide? E. W. FORDHAM

* Encourage not the golden-throated priest
To sing, this Easter.
Tho' priests by golden numbers move this feast,
Not so this feaster. MAURICE HARVEY

The changeless symbol of the thorn-crowned King
Strayed with the paschal moon across the Spring:
The age of motion, every year more swift,
Would fix the Feast, but set itself adrift.
FRANCIS DRAKE

Blame man, not God, that Easter's rain
With waterproof your limbs encumbers.
God does his best; but golden harps
Play golden tunes, not Golden Numbers.
J. W.

* Homo sapiens judges, from vagaries lunar,
Whether Easter shall yearly fall later or sooner;
Might one not set the living cost index deciding
The appropriate moment to hold Christmastide in?
D. R. PEDDY

I am a moving-feaster,
Whom no reform shall tether.
I'll talk of fixing Easter
When you can fix the weather.
R. J. P. HEWISON

Let Easter's mobile date leave unperplexed
Your mind, nor calculation mar your slumbers,
Poets have "laugh'd to see how fools are vexed
"Adding to golden numbers, golden numbers."
N. GUNTER

* Fixed our rations, fixed our wages,
Fixed our pensions at fixed stages;
For Heaven's sake, let's keep at least a
Movable and unfixed Easter.
JOYCE JOHNSON

* The tentacles of graft and profit creep
Through everything, from Sport to Politics;
So, in this vicious welter, let us keep
One thing at least not subject to a "fix."
H. A. C. EVANS

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CHESS: Hidden Resources

No. 79

Some of us, from time to time, have the pleasing experience that, however desperate a position may appear to be, it might still contain some hidden resources. They may be inherent in the position, or they may be gratuitously presented by an all too confident opponent, such as in this position where White, eager to exchange and thereby to consolidate his winning advantage played R-B7. Black grasped his chance by (1) . . . KtxKP. (2) PxKt, Q-Q8 ch (3) K-R2, P-R5. Obviously, White cannot now avoid the draw; in fact, he would lose his R, if he tried Kt-B3.

Here—in a game played in 1914—what actually happened was (1) R-R7, K-R4. (2) RxP, K-R3. (3) R-Kt8, K-R2, and White resigned. In the post-mortem, though, he (and many analysts with him) believed he had missed an easy win by (2) R-R8 (instead of RxP). But 36 years later the Hungarian master Szabo discovered that after (1) R-R7 Black could well have saved himself by (1) . . . P queens (2) RxP ch, K-R4 (3) R-R7 ch, K-Kt5 (4) RxQ, stalemate.

In this position—Kaasche-Gumprich, Berlin 1950—Black, having sacrificed a R for his attack and leaving his Q *en prise* played Kt-Kt6. White obviously could not take the Q; he took the Kt and, after Q-K6 ch, he duly resigned. Later various analysts claimed that White could have saved himself by (1) QxR, QxQ (2) R-Q2; but Gumprich] insisted that (2) . . . KtxKP (3) RxQ, PxR (or, even nicer, (2) . . . Kt-B8 (3) R-Q1, Kt-K6) would have still won for him. After all these fireworks though, it appears that White could yet save himself by simply playing R-Q2 instead of QxR. The (drawing) sequel could be (1) . . . R-B8 ch (2) R-Q1, Q-Kt5 ch (3) Kt-B3, RxQ (4) RxR, Kt-R4.

For this week's competition I have two pieces only, both original contributions to the *Deutsche Schachblaetter*. White to win in each of them.

A: F. Bethge, 1951

B: P. Heuaecker, 1951

They would seem to be fairly rated with 6 points each if I add the useful hint that in A White must be careful to avoid certain drawing lines, whereas in B failure might be courted by falling for the temptation of a line or two, more obvious than the real solution.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 16.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 17

A: (1) Q-B1 ch, K-R5. (2) Q-QB4, Q-Q1. (3) Q-R6 ch, Q-R4 (4) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt. (5) Q-B4 etc.
If (2) . . . P-R3. (3) K-Kt2 etc.
B: (1) Q-B4, K-Q3. (2) Kt x P ch, K-Q4. (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-Q3. (4) Kt-K8 ch, K-Q4. (5) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q3. (6) Kt x P ch, K-Q4. (7) P-B4 ch, P x P e.p. (8) P-K4 ch etc.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. The Gandolphi seems to have been found particularly pleasing. "Quaintly reminiscent of a Strauss waltz," comments J. H. Beaty. He shares the prizes with C. R. Colven, J. Y. Naylor, J. M. Reid, P. B. Sarson. But several competitors suggested that, by exchanging Queens Black might secure a draw. I hope not. I think that, by retreating his surplus Kt to KR3, White can counter the push of the QP by P-K3. ASSIAC

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YNG. couple, lecturer & wife, would like 2 rooms ground/first floor, Bloomsbury/Regent's Park/Hampstead. Box 2363.

YOUNG Canadian professor (researching British Museum mid-June-August) and wife seek flat Central London. Box 2295.

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PROFESSIONAL engineer, bachelor, seeks quiet lodgings in Bristol; Clifton or Redland district preferred. Box 2357.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

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THE University of Leeds. Dean Scholarships. It is intended to appoint one or more suitably qualified graduates to Dean Scholarships, of an annual value of £300, ordinarily tenable for two years. Scholars are required to undertake research on the history and economics of the wool textile industry. Applications should reach the Head of the Department of Economics and Commerce, The University, Leeds, 2, not later than June 1, 1951.

NEWNHAM College, Cambridge. The Mary Ewart Trustees offer a Travelling Scholarship of £250 for one year, to be awarded in June, 1951, to a former student of the College provided there is a sufficiently good candidate. Application must be made to the Principal before June 2.

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UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Lectureship or Assistantship in Russian. Applications are invited for a Lectureship or Assistantship in Russian tenable from October 1, 1951. Applicants should be qualified to specialise in Russian literature. Salary scale: Lecturer—£940 to £1,100, Assistant—£400 to £500. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance. Applications (6 copies) should be lodged not later than April 14, 1951, with the undersigned from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Health. Applications are invited for an appointment as an Assistant or Junior Lecturer in Demographic and Vital Statistics. Salary scale £450 to £550 or £600 to £900 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance. Candidates should hold a University Degree, preferably in one of the social sciences, and should have experience of statistical and research work. Further particulars may be obtained if required. Applications in writing, giving full details of educational background, qualifications and experience, together with copies of testimonials and names of referees, should reach the Secretary to the University not later than April 15, 1951.

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THE United African Company Limited invites application from men and women for training in its Buying Department in London. Candidates should have determination, considerable powers of observation, initiative out of the ordinary and a high level of practical intelligence. Applicants without previous experience should be not less than 21 or more than 28 years old, and their commencing salary will be between £375 and £475 per annum. For those who have good commercial or other relevant experience, these age limits can be extended; appointments in such cases would be made at an initial salary fixed according to qualifications and experience. Preliminary selection will be made on the letters of application, which should be framed accordingly, and addressed to Staff Department (UAC.), Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

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WAVERTREE Community Association (Est. 1946), 1950 adult membership 900. Applications are invited for the post of resident warden at the Community Centre, Penns Lane, Liverpool, 18. Applicants must have a knowledge of cultural and social activities applicable to a Community Centre and be interested in their promotion. Commencing salary £350 per annum, plus a self-contained flat, heating and lighting. Generous holidays and sick pay. Detailed information and application form can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary at the above address within seven days of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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KENT County Council. Children's Department.—The Children's Committee of the Kent County Council invite applications for the appointment of Woman Welfare Officer. Duties will include the selection of foster homes and the care of children boarded out under the provisions of the Children Act, 1948, and Children and Young Persons Act, 1933; Adoption enquiries and case work in connection with children appearing before Juvenile Courts. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or appropriate academic qualification, and previous experience in social work with children will be an advantage. Salary in accordance with Scale A.P.T.1 of the National Scales (£390 a year by £15 yearly increments to £435 a year). The candidate appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned not later than April 16, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

MEN and Women who have an interest in the treatment of offenders or an aptitude for resolving behaviour problems and who wish to consider adopting the career of Probation Officer in Scotland are invited to apply to the Scottish Central Probation Council with a view to having their names enrolled on the Probation Register. The Council will have regard to the sense of vocation, temperament and educational qualifications possessed by applicants. Persons who have attained the age of 45 years will not be considered, and applicants between the ages of 40 and 44 years will require to possess exceptional qualifications. Applications should be made to The Secretary, The Scottish Central Probation Council, 13 Carlton Terrace, Edinburgh, 7, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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LONDON, N.W.11. Wanted Sept. (1) Man or woman graduate under 27, to teach History to Univ. Schol. standard with French or Latin as subsidiary subjects. (2) Qual. teacher for boys' Physical Education on one or two days a week only. Recog. prog. co-ed., ind. day sch. Salary 90 Burnham (Lon.I. area). King Alfred School, North End Rd.

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WE are looking for a Secretary for our three Children's Homes, who is capable of working on own initiative, can manage correspondence between Hospitals and Children's Officers, checking and booking accounts, has a pleasant telephone manner and will mix happily with the rest of the staff, including Austrians, will welcome our visitors in our absence and love the country as we are situated in a very beautiful spot. Please state refs., age and speed. Mr. and Mrs. Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh, Devon.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, 92nd Season. Evenings, 7.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable. *2s. 6d.-12s. 6d.*

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Fay Compton, "Intimate Relations." Membership 5s. yearly.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Revue "Here Goes," Weds. to Suns., 7.30, until April 29. Mem. *2s. 6d.* Adults only.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until April 15th, Cocteau's "Orpheus" (A). From 16th, Rasmu in "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., April 8, 7.30. "Il Lupo Della Sila" (A).

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). "Warsaw—the Undefeated City." Full-length feature film of Warsaw's Resistance Movement. Friday, April 6, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome. Refreshments.

FIRST Film from New China! "Daughters of China" (1st prize Int. Film Fest. 1950). Scala Theatre, W.1. Tues., April 17, 7 p.m. Chinese Delegation will speak. Book now! Res.: *2s. 6d.*, *5s.*, *7s. 6d.*, *10s. 6d.* Britain-China Friendship Assn., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2. Please enc. stpd. add. env.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 3678. Indian Short Story Reading with Musical Interludes. Sunday, April 8, at 4 p.m. Adm. free.

OPERA Circle: R.V.W.'s "Pilgrim's Progress" introduced by Sir Steuart Wilson with members of Covent Garden cast, Sunday, April 15, at 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Particulars: WES. 7513.

SOUTH Place Concerts. April 8, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Element String Quartet. Sidney Sutcliffe, Beethoven F, Op. 59, No. 1; Haydn B flat, Op. 76, St. Qts. Hawthorne Baker Oboe Quintet (Clements Prizewinning Work 1943), Mozart Oboe Quartet. Admission 1s.

RBA. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Tues. at 8: Freda Hart, soprano; Brigitte Loeser, cello; Paul Hamburger, piano (1st perf. Horovitz Cello Sonata). Wed. at 8: Ellen MacGillavry, flute; Jaap Spigt, harpsichord; James MacGillivray, oboe (1st perfs. Bate Oboe Sonata, Dutch works). Sat., 6.30-9.15: Soirée Musicale (buffet 7.30 between concerts): Bronwen Jones, piano; Gits de la Fuente, soprano; Helen Pyke and Paul Hamburger, piano duettists; Suzanne Rozsa and Paul Hamburger, violin and piano. 5s., 3s. (Sat., at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chovesux.

TWO Lecture Recitals. Ivor James with The London Trio. Eric Gritton, Bessie Rawlins, Adam Just. April 9, 7.30 p.m. Beethoven Op. 1, No. 3 & Op. 97. April 23 7.30 p.m.: Brahms Op. 101, Dvorak Op. 65. Friends House (Small Hall), Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tkts., single 4*s.* 6*d.*, double 7*s.*, from Sec., 21 Marlborough Place, N.W.8, or at Hall evening of concert.

ERIC Hope. Piano Recital. Wigmore Hall, Friday, April 13, at 7. Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Liszt. 9*s.*, 6*s.*, 3*s.*, at Hall. Presented by P.A.S. (London).

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Invites you to come along to our Keep Fit and Folk Dance Group every Monday: Keep Fit for women only, 7.30 p.m. Folk Dancing, men and women, from 8.30-9.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Dancing to a first-class band at 81 Portland Place, W.1, April 7, from 7.30-11 p.m. Spot-prizes, etc. Entrance: Members 2*s.*; Guests 3*s.*

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society. Sat., April 7, 7.30 p.m., at St. Martin's School of Art, Charing X Rd. Adm. 4*s.* by ticket to mems. and friends of Fabian Society only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. Turnstile Print of El Greco's Christ driving the Traders from the Temple," just published, £3 19*s.*, including purchase tax, from 1 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1, or all good print shops in U.K.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. 10-5. 1*s.*

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Othon Friesz 1879-1949 Memorial Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by William Gear.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1*gn.*

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. English Watercolours. Goodwin & others. Until April 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Fauve Painting in France & Abroad. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17/18, Dover St., W.1. Graham Sutherland Retrospective Exhibition. 1928-1951. 10-6 dly.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary Artists. Till April 28. 10-5 except Sundays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FESTIVAL of Britain. By arrangement with the Arts Council. Women's International Art Club. Paintings and Sculpture. Special Section from Canada, Australia, New Zealand. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Until April 28, 10-5, ex. Sun. Adm. 1*s.*

EXHIBITION of Hungarian Children's Art. Drawings and paintings by children aged 8-15 years. 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Nearest Tube: Notting Hill Gate. April 6-22. Daily from 11 a.m.-8 p.m. Sundays from 2-8 p.m. Admission free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12*s.* 6*d.*, including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. (1) "London," by Algernon Newton, R.A.; (2) "Mexico"—Sculpture & drawings by John Skeaping, A.R.A.; (3) Muriel Pemberton—1st Exbn. 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

WARSAW: Poland Rebuilds Her Capital. Exhibition at RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1, daily incl. Sats. 10-5 from March 21 to April 12. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRAINS Trust. Robert Boothby, M.P., Richard Crossman, M.P., Bernard Lewis, Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S., Philip Toynbee; question master, Norman Bentwich, Professor of International Relations. Subject: "Israel and the Middle East." On April 16, at 8.15 p.m., at Caxton Hall. Tickets: *2s. 6d.*, obtainable Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Korea and the Far Eastern Crisis," by Tom Driberg, M.P., Parliamentary Assistant for Reynolds News during the early Korean Campaign. Thurs., Apl. 12, 8 p.m., Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (Back Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1*s. 6d.* at door.

ANDREW Rothstein, author of recent Pelican "History of the U.S.S.R.," gives four lectures on the Soviet Union, commencing April 11, 7.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill (Mans. House Tube). Adm.: whole series 4*s.*; single lecture 1*s. 6d.* Tickets from L.D.C.P., 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

"FROM War to Peace—the Next Step." R. W. G. Mackay, M.P., Clarence K. Streit (Author of "Union Now"), Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Livingstone Hall, 7.30 p.m., April 16. Adm. free. Reserved seats 1*s. 6d.* Federal Union, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17/18, Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. April 9. Film Programme at French Institute, S.W.7. "The Lady Vanishes." "Les Charmes de L'Existence." Turner. April 10. Private View at Graham Sutherland Exhibition, opening by Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B. April 11. Lecture by L. L. Whyte, "Formative Processes." Chairman, Herbert Read. April 12. "Public View" discussion at I.C.A. of work by Jean Helion (exhibited at Hanover Gallery) and Bernard Buffet (exhibited at Lefevre Gallery). April 13. Bela Bartok, recordings introduced by Malcolm Rayment.—14, At Home.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. Spring Exhibition opening April 7, 3.30 p.m. Daily, April 8-22, 11-1 and 2-7. April 11, 8.15 p.m. "We Beg to Differ"; Question Master, John Farleigh. Men: Lawrence Alloway, Stephen Bone, Cecil Stephenson. Women: Ithell Colquhoun, Helen Kapp, Madeleine Pearson.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. 9th, "Your Money or Your Life," by Mr. Hugh Taylor (Social Credit Party). 16th, Puppet Show, by Anthony Bates. 23rd, Malcolm Tillis String Trio. 30th, "Interplanetary Flight," by Francis R. Fears (British Interplanetary Society.) Visitors: 1*s.*

AMERICAN Threat to British Culture—visitors welcome to this Communist Party conference to be held on Sunday, April 29, at Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Visitor's ticket one shilling each from Cultural Committee, 16 King St., W.C.2; cash with order.

CAXTON Hall, Thurs., April 12, 8 p.m. Brains Trust: Lady Davson, Mrs. Doreen Gorsky, Mr. N. Chi, Ph.D., Mr. Ambrose Appelbe, Mrs. Betty Scharf. Chair: Dora Russell. Married Women's Trust. AMD. 3320.

BIRMINGHAM International Centre: Sir W.C. Mansfield, N. Pritt, Clifford Almond, Norman Carr. "World Crisis"; Week-end Conference and Brains Trust, Apr. 14-15. Tkts. *3s. 6d.*: Conference Sec., 83 Suffolk St., Birmingham, 1.

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1. 7.30 p.m. Monday, April 9. Mr. R. Wood on "The Psychological Reaction to The Kinsey Report." (Next meeting on May 7.) Adm. Non-mems. 2*s.* Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. 'Phone WELbeck 7840.

PERSONALIST Group. Cyril Smith on "Thomism and the Resurrection of Philosophy," Thur., April 12, Conway Hall, 7.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, Day-School, Sunday, April 15, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Subject: "Czechoslovakia from 1918 to the Present Day." 10.30 to 1 p.m. Julius Jacobs; 2.30 to 5 p.m., Stanley Harrison. Chairman: Ken Campbell. Lunch 3*s.* 6*d.*, tea 1*s. 6d.* available if requirements are stated on application, which should be in by April 11.

MISS Vera Brittain will speak on "Through Nehru's India," April 13, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Jewish Composers of the Nineteenth Century." Illustrated talk by Baruch Feakman. Wednesday, April 11, at 8 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 14, at 6 p.m. Frau Eva Geisel: "Die Entwicklung der deutschen Gebrauchslyrik."

LUNCH Hour Talks on Western Saints and Eastern Teaching, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Tuesdays at 1 p.m. April 10: St. John of the Cross; April 17: St. Vincent de Paul; April 24: St. Francis of Assisi.

CONWAY Memorial Lecture. South Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. April 10, 7 p.m. Herbert Read, D.Litt., M.A., "Art and the Evolution of Man." Chairman: Lancelot L. Whyte. Adm. Free.

OTTO van der Sprenkel on China and Maurice Freedman on Malaya. Public Lectures on Sat., April 14, 3-6.30 p.m., at Westfield College, 302 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Adm. 1*s.* Tea available. Hampstead W.E.A.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Apl. 11, 6.30, "Science, Socialism and Loving Kindness." Mr. W. A. Purfurst.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. April 8, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Dating of Easter." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Apr. 8: Socialism True and False.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. April 12: "Philosophy and Experience of Monism."

G. E. O'DELL: "The Religion of Shakespeare's Kings." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, April 8, at 11 a.m.

BARNES Peace with China Committee. "The Far East—Peace or War." Lady Selwyn-Clarke, Richie Calder, Reginald Sorensen. Church Hall, Kitson Rd., April 12, 7.45.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., April 10, at 7.45 p.m. "The Czechoslovak Glass Industry." Speaker: Mr. A. Faulks, representative of Czechoslovak Glass Industry in Britain. Chairman: Mr. Ron Meth.

WILLESDEN Ballet Circle. Beth Dean Lect. Demonstration. Aboriginal Dance. Tu., April 17, 8. Anson Hall, Chichele Rd. Adm. 2*s.* Sec., 20 Dean Rd., N.W.2.

DR. L. Bendit will be lecturing on "Psychology and Psychism" in Room 15, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, April 12 at 8. All welc.

HARROW Brains Trust, "China Today"; Britain-China Friendship Assocn. Mrs. Barbara Spencer, Mrs. Dora Russell, Jack Dribbon; 8 p.m., Mon., April 9, at Bridge Schools (Harrow and Wealdstone Stn.).

FRED Cobb Memorial Meeting, Wed., April 11, 7.30 p.m., at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Speakers: Dr. Stephen Taylor and Mr. Raphael (Institute of Industrial Psychology).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MEN at Work: The Need for Industrial Democracy. Joint Conference at Whitsun, May 11-14, at Royhill, Blackboys, nr. Uckfield, Sussex. Lectures by Geoffrey Cooper, M.P., and other well-known speakers on: The Growth of the Idea; Frustration or Fulfilment; Experiments in the 20th Century; The Nationalised Industries; and Barriers, Methods, Realisation. Fees, £3 2*s. 6d.* Full partics. from Conf. Secy., Progressive League, 49 Nassington Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 2969, or Conf. Secy., Common Wealth, 12 High St., N.W.3, HAM. 5879.

MODERN British Composers. Eight public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning April 10, at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. Elgar, Delius, Holst, Vaughan Williams, Walton, Bliss, Britten, Thuppas Berkeley, Rawsthorne, Rubbra, Bush. Lecturers include: Norman Del Mar, Hubert Foss, Scott Goddard, Walter Goehr, Imogen Holst, W. H. Mellers. Course ticket: 7*s. 6d.* Details from Secretary (WAT. 6872).

PORTUGUESE—Evening Classes for Students at all stages, April 16-June 22. Details from: Portuguese Language Committee, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

SPANISH—Evening Classes for Students at all stages. April 16-June 19. Details from: Educational Director, Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

"SCIENCE and Society." Central London Fabian Society 3-day Whitsun School, Lodge Hill, Pulborough. Dr. Burhop, D. Macrae and others. Apply: Miss H. Kendrew, 19 Colebrook Rd., S.W.16.

TRAINING Course for work in Community Centres and Youth Clubs.—The Scottish Leadership Training Association is planning to conduct at Moray House Training College, Edinburgh, from September, 1951, to July, 1952, a one-year's professional training course for men and women who wish to take up full-time work in community centres and social and recreational clubs or in organisation and development work with Education Authorities and Voluntary Organisations making provision for (the) Informal Education (of young people and adults). This course is intended primarily for persons over the age of 21 who hold a University Degree, a Diploma or Certificate in Social Study, a Teacher's Training Certificate, any equivalent diploma, or who have been at a residential adult education college for at least one year. It will, however, also be open to persons who have had considerable experience in social, recreative or informal educational work in either a part-time or full-time capacity and who, from the point of view of general education, can satisfy the committee of their ability to profit from a course which involves a good deal of academic study. The Course, which is approved by the Scottish Education Department and recognised by the Ministry of Education, will involve full-time attendance and include both theoretical and practical training. Prospectus and application form can be obtained from: The Organising Secretary, S.L.T.A., 57 Melville St., Edinburgh, 3.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1951-52 begins on Monday, October 1, 1951. Part-time (evening) courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for Diplomas in Geography and Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form (to be returned by June 1, 1951, from: Registrar, Birkbeck College, E.C.4.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evenings 7 to 9. Begins April 30. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Telephone Trafalgar 6415.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Spring term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, April 24 & 26, 7 p.m., at Westminster. The Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Write for full particulars to: Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, or telephone: ABBEY 6665.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English: the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

A Centre For Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English For Foreign Visitors a Prin. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21*gns.*; 21 days, 25*gns.*) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

HANOVER School of Higher Education and Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Day and evening classes. Private tuition. Preparation for exams. Exchange visits. Accom., etc., arranged. Post School Citizenship Course for Girls (starts Sept.). 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

(Lecture Courses, etc.—cont. on p. 407)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 405, 406, 407

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